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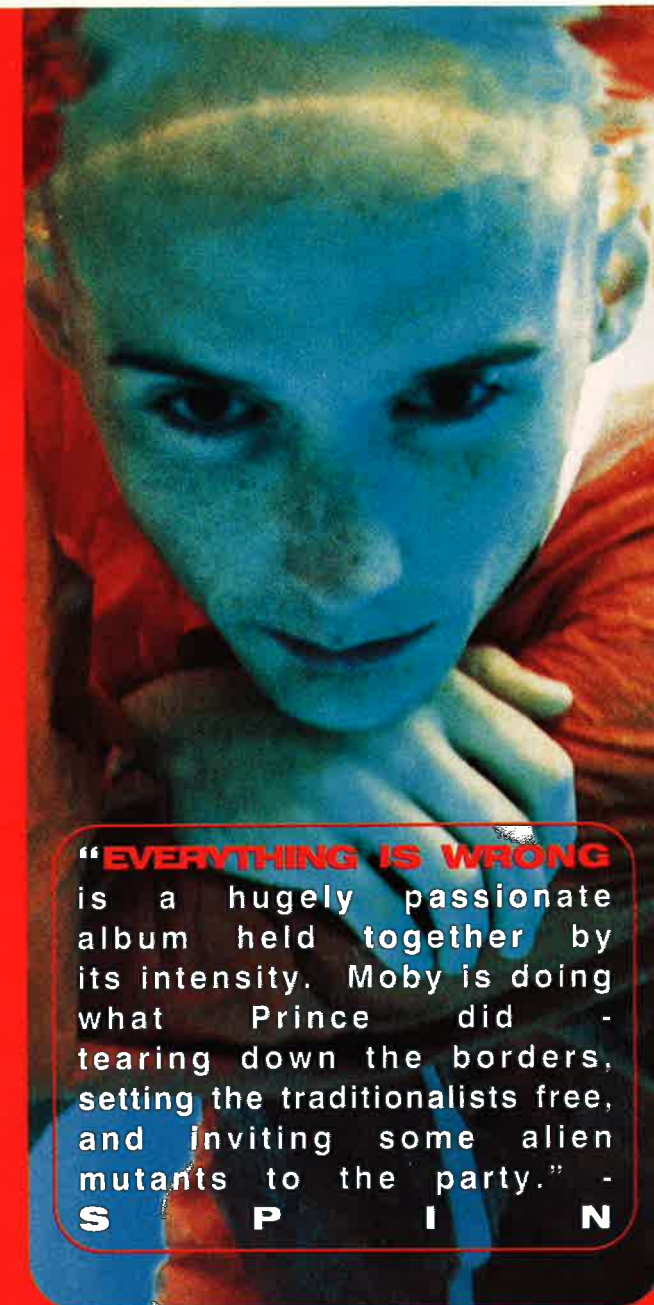
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## letters to Pro X

Dear Project X

I am a fan of Project X, but lately something ever has concerned me.

Whenever you have features about DJs in New York, it's always the same names over and over such as Junior Vasquez, Armand Van Helden, etc... Some of the hottest DJs in NY who many of us flock to hear each week are not respected! These are the guys who are in the trenches, working every week for our pleasure, never paid what they deserve!!! Often they are overlooked because they may not have produced a record but these are two different worlds. Producing and DJing are completely different. Look at Armand Van Helden, who did give us "Witch Doktor", which was great, but he's not DJing anywhere, and when he did play the Roxy nobody was impressed.

So what about our heroes? What about Corbett, Hex Hector, and Gonzo? Look at these incredibly talented people who are taken for granted for one reason or another. Corbett who plays at Limelight, Tunnel, (USA-past tensed) all main rooms, etc..., gets advanced records before 95% of the

other DJs in the world, creates a vibe and works the crowd, has been all over the world to spin, spoken on panels at music industry events etc. Look at Gonzo who is the only trance/hardcore DJ who has survived at the Limelight and is still rocking the crowd every Saturday after Corbett. Do I need to even mention Hex Hector. Don't get me wrong I know all you fabulous lovelies know your scene but I really feel people like this deserve more attention. So how bout' some future features!!? Other than that keep up the good work!

Peace and Respect,  
Tina DiMartino, N.Y.

Dear Project X

Kiyaiiii! aaiieeee-Yow! Kung Fu! You made me so excited just looking at your cover! I've been waiting for the Project X martial arts edition! All your issues are beautiful, you're as delightful as mushrooms! Whoop! I especially liked the LSD article-good stuff!

- David Parisi, Rochester

Dear Project X,

First, thank you for being so speshul and I hope you print this:

If you've got nothing to do on a Monday or a Tuesday, there is nothing better than club 89. No, it's not a trendy Manhattan club, in fact, it's not even a club. It's a radio program on WNYU hosted by Danny Moon. He's spun at places like Nylon, Disco 2000, and Save the Robots. Danny tears up the decks for 2 1/2 hour continuous mix of future high-tech dance sounds. In addition to showcasing his DJ techniques and a fierce selection of vinyl, Danny plays host to the finest, heart-stopping, name dropping guest DJs like Keoki, Camacho, Joeski, Joe Joe (Digital Konfusion), Rio (Disco Rama Music World), Steve DePar (Emotive Records) and latino soul Milique. Definitely, someone to have in your magazine!

-Kid Metro

Dear Project X,

I read one of the letters in the last issue (from Rob) and I agree that your male models are quite ugly and I got to thinking, I

think that's great, because beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. Magazines always portray unrealistic standards of beauty and the whole national model obsession is getting out of hand. People in this scene don't think that 6 foot tall 100lb types are cool (although I personally wouldlove to hang out with Claudia), but it's absurd to even put them in any "underground" magazine! So major props to you for using real models, or people from the scene, although all the girls are a little too cute in every issue and the guys are a little too ugly. But like the cover says "Yum!"

-Graig McLawsky

Dear Project X,

Well, I don't have to say that I've been addicted to Project X for God knows how long, and I think that this is definitely the time for you to mention the Earthy Goddess of Boston's club land Ms. Claudia! She is the inspiration for us all and the reason why we all still go out to Axis on Sunday nights! Sugars, Ms. Claudia was so ahead of her

time, she got a speeding ticket last year at Wigstock. Her list of friends outgrows any guest list of all clubs in Boston put together. Ms. Claudia is too eclectic to label, but we do think she should be mentioned in Project X! -Van, Boston 02195.

Project X

I can't believe that no one at the magazine is writing about Heaven, the New Year's eve fiasco here in New York. Surely this incident of despair that will go down in history books as the event that killed the New York underground. Well, if you're not gonna write about it, I am! It all started when I saw the ad for it in your magazine. I called the hotlines, found out that Paul Van Dyk is playing (he's the shit!) I drove in a month in advance to buy five tickets at Liquid Sky. Then I learned there was a bus from my area and we boarded with our gear of whistles and confetti ready for the best night of the our lives only to find a horrible place with no sound system and an event that got busted at like one a.m. Needless to say, it was not very amusing, especially because we

didn't have a way to get back because the stupid bus was wasn't coming back for us for a while! My girlfriend got sick - she threw up all over the place because some jerk sold us bad shrooms and then we all got sick because we had to wait in the fucking cold! I hope you have enough room to print this whole letter because I ain't finished! As if I didn't learn a useful lesson then, I went back to Liquid Sky and spent another forty bucks for a ticket to Cosmic Baby/Logic trance tour which was supposed to happen at the Armory. Well, at the night of the event, no one bothered to tell me that the event was moved to another location and that Cosmic Baby wasn't even performing. He cancelled because the promoter fucked up! We even know who the promoter is, it's *Alan Sanctuary*! How can I fall for the same bullshit twice? I'm so furious, and I'm sure there are thousands of people who feel the same and who spend their hard earned dollars for some fat ass promoter to produce a crap show. Who can I call to get my money back?

-Chris Kent, N.C.

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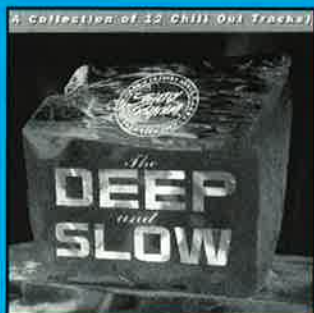


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## The Best Place on Earth

I think the old saying goes like this: I am fucking cool therefore I hang out in Alphabet City. Okay, so maybe it doesn't go quite like that, but I'm sure if Descartes were alive today he would surely have green hair and a nipple piercing, play bass for a grindcore band, and most definitely spend his free time kicking back at Babyland or maybe picking up on the live ones at the Crow Bar. Who knows that René was one superfly mathematician and if he knew anything, he knew where the party was at. He would surely agree that the party is going on full-blast in Alphabet City. It's one thing to visit Alphabet City, but it's something entirely different to *live* Alphabet City. Here's your guide to how the ultra chic survive:

### Noon...

Wake up from your valium-induced sleep. Apply morning facial peel and call down to the corner deli and have them deliver a pack of Merit Ultra Lights and some Evian. Go to the refrigerator and take out that leftover pizza you got from **Two Boots**. Carefully remove two slices of eggplant from your pizza and place them over your eyes to reduce signs of fatigue.

### 1pm...

Throw on something that suits your lifestyle. We'd suggest that insouciant "Whore" t-shirt from Milk Fed that you got at **SWISH**. Perhaps those yummy plaid slacks you

picked up at **FAB 208**? I think both you and I are thinking the same thing: You look fabu-luscious! Now if only you could find your Sesame Street vinyl backpack—you know, the one you admired for weeks in the window of **ME-KI KIDS** and finally decided to steal one day while your friend Connor distracted the sales boy. Stare at yourself in every reflective surface in your apartment for another half an hour before you head out.

### 2:15pm...

You're late for your power lunch with Coco. Grab your skateboard and your Black Fly sunglasses and motor over to **STINGY LULU'S**. Blow air kisses to Murat and Karazona, the gruff but lovable owners, as you spot Coco at one of the sidewalk tables applying foundation from her Bobbi Brown Essentials compact. Load up on those strawberry Lulu's cocktails as you check out the East Village's flashiest walk on by.

### 3:00pm...

As Coco babbles on and on about how she didn't get comped last night at **CAFÉ CON LECHE**, you decide to stop in at **VENUS BODY WORKS** and finally get that tattoo you've always wanted. The guy at the counter ponders for a moment why someone would want a replica of the new Richie Rich album tattooed to their buttocks. You don't care what he thinks, you say, you're fickle—you're about living, not about explaining. He leads you into the back room and before you know it, "Love you a million!" is written across each cheek. You smile in approval.

### 4:52pm...

Coco tells you she can't just sit idly by and let you do this to your body. She leaves in disgusts. You ask her where she's going. "I can't think right now," she answers. "I need time to heal. I'm going to **METROPOLIS** where I don't have to think! Betsey Johnson, take me away!" Well, two can play at that game, you tell yourself. With your sore, but otherwise superstar, bottom, you head over to the **X-LARGE STORE** and pick yourself up a nylon mailman jacket and some X-girl tees. At **ADULT CRASH**, you listen to the latest Josh Winx track, "Don't Laugh" and immediately decide that you can't live without it. You

stop over at **TOMPKIN'S SQUARE PARK** for a quick pick-up game of b-ball between the drag queens and the prostitutes. The drag queens kick major ass with Lady Bunny slamming home three-pointers from the key all day long.

### 6:00pm...

On your way home you pick up a cafe macchiato at **CAFÉ LIMBO** and the Japanimation film *Akira* at **KIM'S UNDERGROUND VIDEO**.

### 7:34pm...

Your stomach begins to growl after sweating off all those pounds playing basketball. Your Asian fetish tells you that you need some sushi like nobody's business. **ESASHI**, perhaps? Or **TAKAHASHI**? You decide on your old standby, **AVENUE A SUSHI**, where on several occasions you have been rushed to the hospital with a severe case of California Roll Coma.

### 9:00pm...

It's nine o'clock and you're supposed to meet your friend Aki at 9, the ultra caj coffeehouse on St. Marks, so you guys can discuss the Jungian difference between *Thrasher* and *Warp*. He suggests you guys check out Jeff Buckley at **CAFÉ SINE**, the tiny, closet-sized bar next door.

### 11:00pm...

You pop into **ALCATRAZ**, the leather-studded biker bar on the corner of St. Mark's and A for a quick shot of Jagermeister. The large man sitting at the bar with leather chaps on smiles and winks at you. You decide to leave before you'll do something you might regret. At **NATION**, the slacker set is in full swing checking each other out and complaining about how mindless their six-figure jobs are. One of them tries to talk to you. You scream and run. Off of 6th between 1st and A is **CHERRY TAVERN**, where you settle in for a Red Hook as you friend Ariane pummels white-trash butt at the pool table.

**12:00am...** "Oh Darling! We have to say hi to my friend CoCo at **BABYLAND!**" Ariane squeals in her Upper East Side dialect. "He's in Clowns for Progress! He's so fresh!" You run into owner Deb Parker who smooches you on both cheeks and leaves gaudy red lip-

stick marks all over you. Get over it, you tell her. It turns out CoCo isn't working tonight because his band is playing at **BROWNIES**. You head for **NO-TELL MOTEL** where all the Cooper Union victims congregate. Maybe you'll run into Art Club 2000.

### 2:11 am...

No Art Club 2000, but someone did offer you free tickets to check out the Broun Fellinis at the **MERCURY LOUNGE**. You and Ariane cab it over to the coolest lounge in town only to find out that the show is over. Dejected, you guys walk down the street to **THE BANK** for Pressure Cooker, the weekly party that fronts the best of the new black sound.

### 3:00am...

Check out what's happening over at **MEKKA**. The soul flow will do you ear hole right. Both the chicken and the sounds are fried extra crispy. Head over to **THE GASLIGHT** for the freak show.

### 5:18am...

Wave all the heroin dealers as you pass by Clinton Street on the way to say hello to Jav, the graphic resident magician at Project X.

### 6:00am...

7A is too crowded. **KIEV** is too Slavic. Make your way over to **YAFFA CAFE**. Wave to Naomi Campbell who's sitting by herself in a corner reading a William Burroughs novel and enjoying a nice dinner salad. Order a coffee and a sunshine burger and don't eat any of it. Who are you kidding? You're not hungry. You're just here because you can't bear to be alone. Promise yourself you'll never do speed again. Go home. Rest your soul. Tomorrow is the start of the rest of your life.



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Okay, check it out. Before I had heard of the Black Panthers, or of Huey P. Newton and Eldridge Cleaver, before I realized I could never be a homey because I was Asian, and decades before Chuck D spit his first luge on stage, I thought the biggest stud on planet Earth was Jim Kelly. Every day after school, I would sit on my board at the corner 7-11 and hope he would show up and kick major cop ass. Especially that fat brutal cop that would lurk over my shoulder while I played Stargate, standing next to the magazine racks eating stale Hostess pies and drooling red Slurpees from his chin. Just because I always skipped school and wore a Motorhead t-shirt, this cop thought I was a punk! After buying a pack of Marlboro Lights with my lunch money, I would head back for fifth period and the prick would yell at me: "I didn't catch ya this time but next time I will, you bet!" Eat me, I thought, and kept wishing some slick dark avenger, armored in head-to-toe pimpgear would descend gracefully onto this convenience store tucked away somewhere in Westchester County and dismantle, dismember, and generally irate that son of a bitch. Someone like Jim Kelly, that is, with his torrent

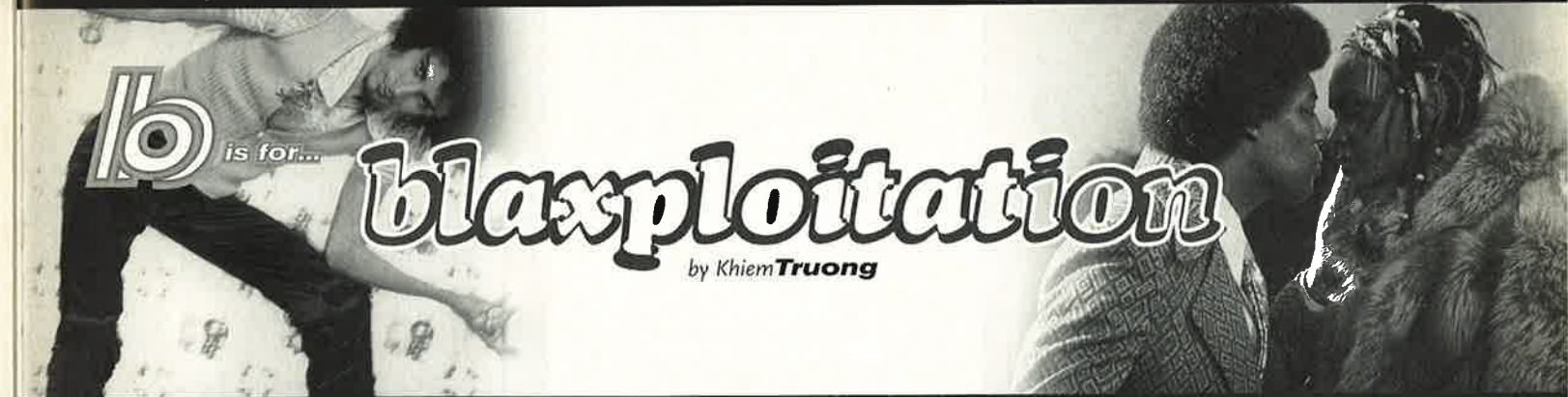
of testosterone karate moves, to kick that cop's lame Better Homes and Trailer Park-livin', Olympia beer-swiggling ass. And after Jim was done, I would give him a high five and then we'd both do ollies over the cop's face.

To me, Jim Kelly was a god. To everyone else, he was a star of the early to mid-seventies film school known as black exploitation. Blaxploitation films took place in dark, apocalyptic inner city settings and usually were concerned with the fantastic and flamboyant execution of evil-minded white guys under the loose pretense of revenge or stylish greed. Some directors were concerned with describing the plight and mental and moral decay of the young black ghetto community under the hands of the large and oppressive white state. Others weren't concerned with anything and just liked filming bad ass brothers rudely bashing sweating weasel-scrotumed white fat cats. Kelly shared the screen with seventies superstars like Jim Brown, Richard Roundtree, Ron O'Neal, Tamara Dodson, Pam Grier, and Fred Williamson, in classic features such as *Shaft*, *Coffy*, and *Cleopatra Jones*. The years of production were small but the output extreme, with over sixty full length films com-

pleted within the years of 1969 and 1974.

Beyond being merely entertainment, the blaxploitation genre became such a defining moment in cinematic history because it was a subversion of what civil rights organizations wanted Hollywood to produce: strong and independent black characters. The heroes in these films weren't the strong, hard-working types nor the estranged black intellectuals that the activist wanted and expected. Rather, they were either shady street-smart ghetto pirates such as the crime lords in *Superfly* and *Black Caesar*, the super spade detective of *Shaft*, or the kung-fu panthers of *Three The Hard Way*. These characters, like the young urban youths they targeted, weren't for integration of lasting racial cooperation. They were for the systematic eradication of Daddy Honky, the grand accumulation of loot, and, of course, the frequent sexual conquest of the until-now-under-sexed cutie white housewives which seemed to fill these films like skunkweed while the dialogue was an insane barrage of racial slurs and street slang.

So sit back, relax, because we are gonna hit ya in the earhole with the five illest blaxploitation pix of all time:



**Black Caesar** Directed by Larry Cohen and starring Fred Williamson. This is an old school tale of an old school gangster. Tommy Gibbs (Williamson), the main man in this flick, spends most of it dismembering cops, thugs, his best friend, his wife and a great many others to gain control of a vast criminal empire. A pretty standard tale but its so cool seeing all the assholes you grow to hate suck death. **Highlights:** The James Brown soundtrack.

**Superfly** Directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. starring Ron O'Neal as a drug dealer out to make the one mega deal that will fetch him enough loot to outfit him in bell bottoms and feathered caps for life. **Highlight:** The pimp garage-sale styles and the Curtis Mayfield soundtrack.

**Shaft** Another one by Gordon Parks, Jr. This one stars Richard Roundtree as an uppity private dick in a total tangle of mob bosses, kidnapped daughters, revolutionares, white girls, black girls, mixed alliances and one smooth leather suit. **Highlights:** The opening sequence with Shaft coolly negotiating New York traffic to Isaac Hayes's theme music and his general smart ass-ness.

**Dolemite** Directed by D'urvilies Martin and starring the king of the truck-stop bargain bin comedians, Rudy Ray Moore. This is a classic for its mere absurdity alone. The plot centers around Dolemite and his crack troop of kung-fu hookers led by Queen Bee. Dolemite, released from prison is recaptured and used as a police pawn to apprehend the evil Mr. Big, who is by coincidence the one

who frames Dolemite in the first place. **Highlights:** The fact that Rudy Ray Moore, a total fat ass who can barely kick over his knee, is portrayed as a kung fu gangster.

**Three The Hard Way** Directed by (yes again) Gordon Parks, Jr. and stars three of the genres coolest cats—Jim Brown, Fred Williamson, and Jim Kelly. A lame nazi bastard is trying to wipe out the entire black race by contaminating the country's water supply. Our heroes look good, kick ass, and pal around. **Highlights:** Jim Kelly just fucking rules. Check him out in the airport scene and you'll know what we mean.

▲ *Cleopatra Jones set the old school blaxploitation genre on fire.*  
▼ *New school smokin' trends*  
(pic by Jos Borsboom, styled by Ellen Hoste)



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**C** is for...

BEAUTY IS IN THE EYE OF THE  
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(PIC BY JOEL BECK)

EURODISCO MIX  
MASTER DJ CHRIS  
HARSHMAN

MARKY MARK CAN BE  
CONSIDERED AS A PART TIME  
CLUB ASSHOLE  
(PIC STEVE EICHNER)

And now it's time for the ABCs of night life. If you think you already know them, then read this anyway. Think of it as your summer school, cuties! We already know that the New York club scene has always been known for its blink-of-an-eye-catch-it-before-it-changes trends and attitudes that shape the rest of the world. These are the daily rituals and routines that the truly hip, pill-popping, jet-set night clubbers (I know you're out there!) follow religiously from midnight 'till dawn... **A is for Assholes.** You know who they are! The nasty loud drunkards yelling at poor overworked door-people and telling off girls who venture into the boys room by accident! They are also the dumb-as-a-brick-wall security guards who get into fights with little helpless club kids just to prove their masculinity. Assholes are also thugs that trash the sparkling club glitterati as they peacefully leave the club on their way home or an afterhours. And what about washed up celebrities that think they still have some pull and boss people at clubs around! They're assholes too! How do we avoid them? Just ignore them (I hear that some of them actually like that!) And if that doesn't work, then spill your tequila on them and flick your Zippo!

**B is for beauty,** which is in the eye of the person who beholds the most drink tickets at the time! Be creative, but subtle... never obvious! Today's look is all about individuality, not copying the latest fashion mags (except for Project X, of course).

**C is for Cosmic Baby** and his fabulous national tour that brought this one-of-a-kind stage cutie to his fans here in US. If you were lucky enough to catch the Logic Trance Tour, which presented Cosmic live from January to March from coast to coast, kiss your lucky stars. The only disappointment was the New York show, scheduled for the 18th of February that never happened. A big thank you to Alan Sanctuary (the promoter in charge) for constantly fucking things up! Thank you Alan. The Atlanta, Orlando, and Boston's Baby Blue dates had the most flavor on the East Coast with live performances by the galactic wonder, Cosmic Baby and the kindest DJ in the south, Kimball Collins. We were fortunate enough to witness the Orlando date and watch the local scenesters kick things off at 3:00 a.m. inside the old Firestone tire center. Baby Blue was also just awesome! Cosmic baby live is, without a doubt, one of the best electronic live shows ever. High marks to the entire Logic crew for all their efforts.

**D is too obvious**

**E is for Eurodisco!** Not the Eurocheese dance stuff

**CLUB  
RUB**

by Michael Alig

WHEN FAG HAG LINDA  
EVANGELISTA IS NOT  
WITH STEVEN MEISEL!

GROUP HUG AT BABY BLUE:  
DENNIS, SCOTT AND  
WONDERBOY.  
(PIC JOHANNA LOGAN)

like Captain Hollywood and Carona, silly. Handbag style Eurodisco! You know, the uplifting progressive dancey stuff and anything on Cleveland City label or Deconstruction. Not too trancey, not too deep, just right. Although, handbag is considered the bridge-and-tunnel type music in Europe, but hey, what do they know. They like Captain Hollywood! **F is for Fag hags** Aren't they great! Behind every famous fag, there's a famous fag hag (and vice versa). Remember the match up game from two issues ago? Well, here are some of the most famous fag and fag hag couples around: Steven Sprouse and Debbie Harry, Edie Sedgewick and Andy Warhol, Suzanne Batsch and Mathu & Zaldy, Daphne and Fred from Scooby Doo, Steven Meisel and Linda Evangelista, Stella Ellis and Jean Paul Gaultier.

**G is for Gay-Friendly** Isn't that a nice phrase! Thank God it's finally mainstream to be gay-friendly. As incredible as it seems, white conservative Republican America actually considers Ru Paul, Robin Williams as Mrs. Doubtfire, and Elton John entertainment for their five year olds!

**H is for Helplessness** Looking like you need someone to take care of you is in! Lolly-gagging around the club looking like you just got hit by a fire truck but somehow managed to get to the party. How chic! So rip up that Liquid Sky jacket, put some black eye shadow under one eye, you'll be the talk of the party.



# CLUB RUB



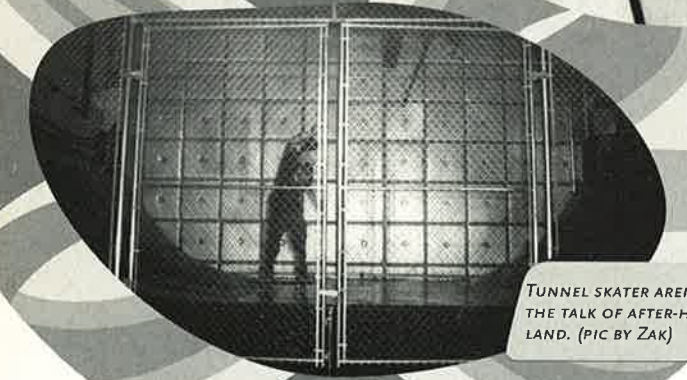
DIANNA AND JOHANNA - CUTIES THAT ONLY SHOP EAST VILLAGE COUTURE: LIQUID SKY AND FINE! (PIC JOHANNA LOGAN)



NEW SCHOOL DJ JOESKI KICKS ASS! (PIC DIANNA)



J IS FOR JENNYTALIA: OUR VERY OWN CLUB MESS AND CK SPOKESMODEL



TUNNEL SKATER ARENA IS THE TALK OF AFTER-HOURS LAND. (PIC BY ZAK)



HELPLESS IDIOT-SAVANT RICHIE RICH.

**I is for Idiot-Savant** It's always been cool to focus in on one subject, really study it, finally become a genius at it, and always talk about just that one topic at parties and social gatherings. Pick a subject that's of interest to you like computer graphics, fashion history, or ecstasy manufacturing and study it thoroughly! Just make sure you talk to different people all the time. Just watch them later, as you exit the party, discussing your intelligence and finesse!

**J is for Jennytalia.** Not only is she my best friend, which has nothing to do with why she's in this column, but she's also the official AT&T spokesmodel, Calvin Klein ad-girl, and everyone's muse! This pierced-cheeked beauty can be spotted nightly at Manhattan's choicest fêtes.

**K is just too obvious.**

**L is for Last Minute.** Looking like you're super busy, so busy in fact that you have no time to be bothered by people, or to answer the phone! You can actually be at home eating chocolate chip cookies with milk and watching A Clockwork Orange, but everyone will think after a month of not seeing you that you're just too busy jetsetting from Amsterdam's techno festivals to Paris shows. Meanwhile, watch a lot of E!, then, when you're ready to step out, travel around with only one person and talk about your best subject.

**M is for Metropolis** which is everyone's favorite store lately along with other East Village hot spots like Fab 208, Kanae & Onyx, 555-Soul, TG-170, Pluto Cat and other treasure chests that carry workwear

for the bored and the jaded. Labels like Osh-Kosh, Fuct, Caterpillar and more dressy stuff like vintage gear lime green mini dresses and fur lined cardigans are the tasty selections.

**N is for NO2** What a gas!

**O is for Oblivion!** Next to mayor Giuliani, the most oblivious state of existence is Disco 2000 after 4:00 a.m. Seeing club kids pile up on the dance-floor, too fucked up to dance, is quite a sight. They just stand in one place and wave their arms in the air! Oblivion is very glamorous at times like these.

**P is for Public Retraction:** Our dear friend and sometime writer James St. James would like to formally announce to all Pro X readers that the last few Club Rub columns, which credited Mr. St. James as the writer, were not written by him. In fact, the writer was Michael Alig who shamelessly credited James St. James in his effort to publicly humiliate him in front of his peers! We apologize for the misleading information. Club Rub, in upcoming issues, will feature original writing by Mr. St. James. (The Editors)

**Q is for Queerdonna.** The 300 pound drag-queen and Madonna Impersonator complete with Gaultier cone boobs and a bleached ponytail is quite a sight!

**R is for restaurants** that we love to frequent before clubbing. Some of the best, clubber-friendly places are Flamingo East, Florent, B-bar, Mr. Chows, Avenue A Sushi, Empire Diner, Lucky Cheng's and Dojo's. Oh my God, I forgot! R is for Rohypinol!

**S is for Sexy Mama's Sex Palace** Every Saturday at Shampoo is the hypiest night! The whole place has

been redone to look like a sex-club-peep-show-bordello. All the regulars like Richie Rich, Karliin, Tobell, Walt Paper, Little Keni, you know, everyone, host Paper Gallery showcasing the most interesting up-and-coming artists.

**T is for Tunnel** and it's friendly new Friday and Saturday after-hours! The place was already so fabulous, now we never have to leave!

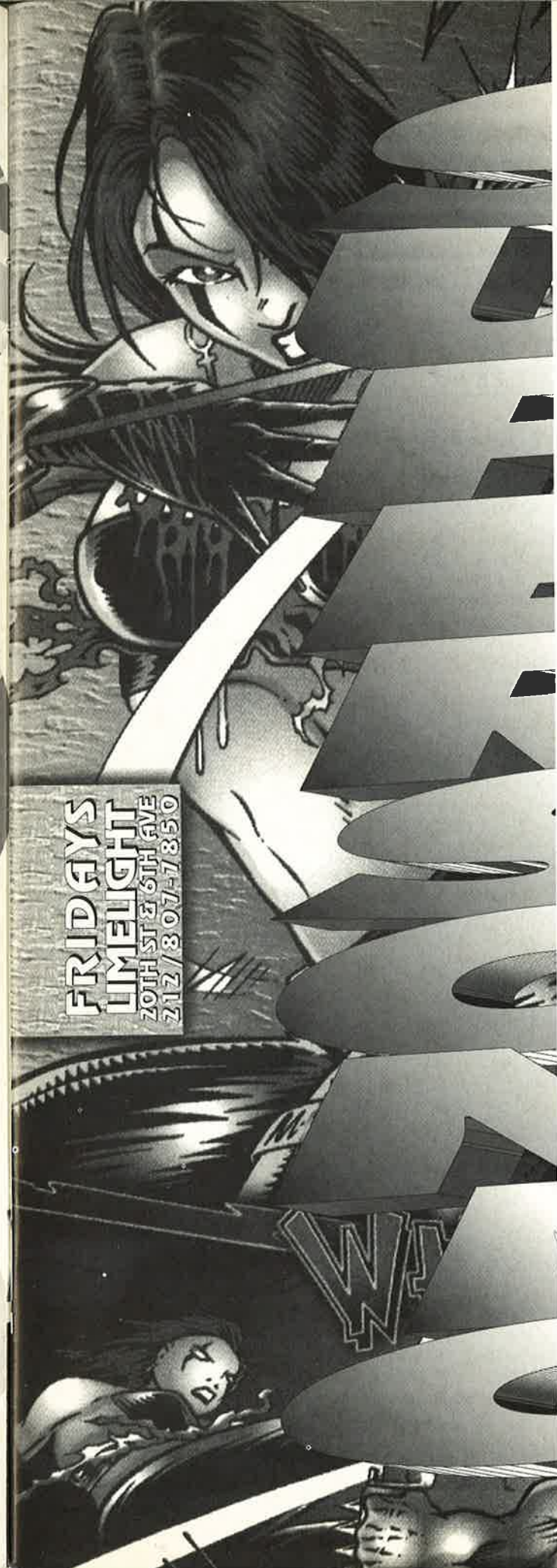
**U is for Ughh!** I'm running out of letters and I still haven't mentioned Future, the huge multilevel after-hours on 33rd street. Father Chris works the mic and Natasha Twist works the dancefloor. Very old school and fab.

**V is for Vacuum** that the closing of Sound Factory has left in the club scene. Thank God for that new after-hours at Tunnel!

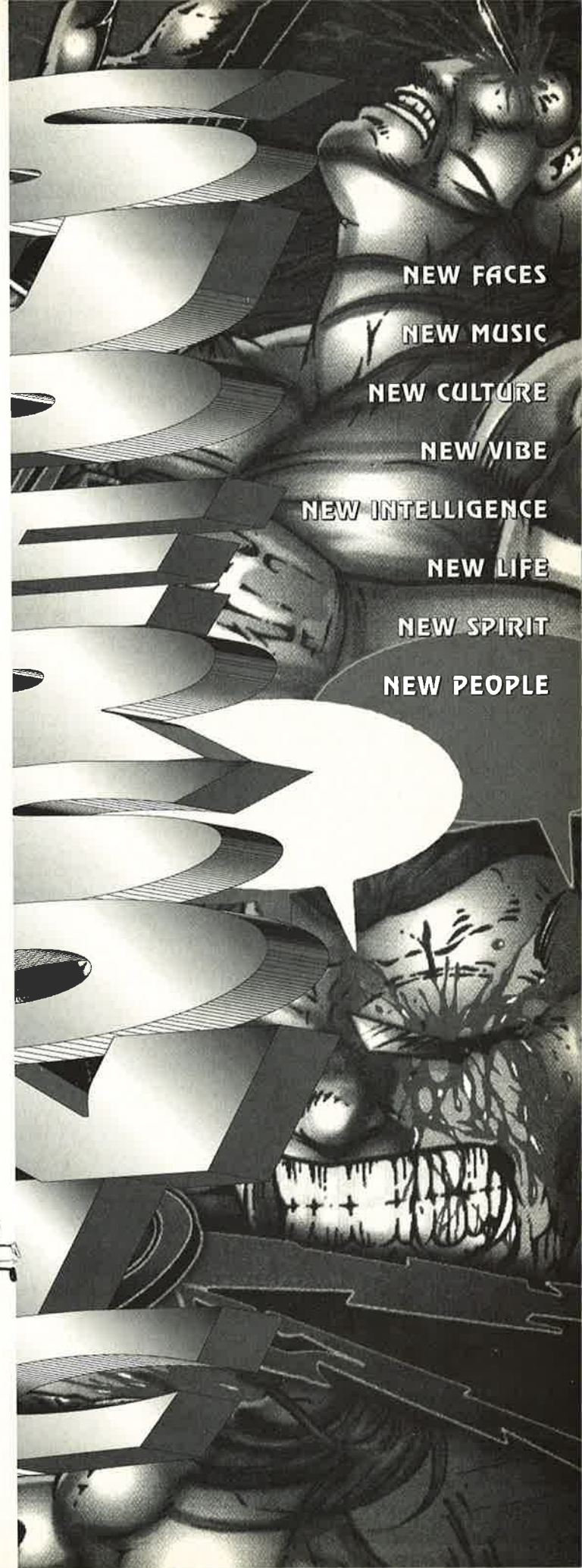
**W is for Webster Hall,** a club that no one talks about much, although Make Up Room has just celebrated their third anniversary and it's the regular stop for all clubbers on Friday nights. House music by DJ Steve Travolta and flashy glitter queens rule!

**Y is for Young Richard** and the new school of DJs that work the club scene. Young Richard was the resident at Make Up Room for two years before graduating to other clubs while DJs like Hex Hector, Joeski, and Corbett have been around for a while and still deliver the dance floor goodies at every club they play.

**Z is for zzz's...** Catch a disco nap before hitting the club wonderland tonight!



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**d/ is for...**

# Profile

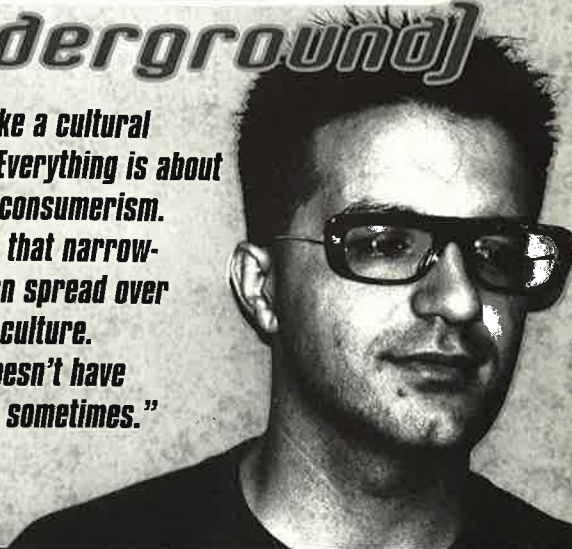
by Scott Sterling

## John Acquaviva

*the Heartbeat of... [underground]*

# AMERICA

*"America is like a cultural Third World. Everything is about fast-food and consumerism. Unfortunately, that narrow-mindedness can spread over into the dance culture. The U.S. just doesn't have very good taste sometimes."*



At an abandoned warehouse in Detroit, as in the most exclusive underground clubs in Europe, this is more than a familiar sight: John Acquaviva's neatly bespectacled visage tucked between a pair of headphones, hovering above two turntables and a mixer. Looking like he should be on the cover of a Tribe Called Quest's Midnight Marauders, Acquaviva's set quickly erases any notion that he's just another of cookie-cutter cartoon DJ. Acquaviva consistently bangs out majestic mixes of piano-laden house, truly tranced-out techno, and old school disco and electro that leaves the kids all sweaty and screaming for more.

"I like playing house in very happy sets," relates Acquaviva from his studio in Windsor, Ontario. "I'm not into scary trips when I spin. I want the crowd to have fun, and leave feeling good in the morning."

A mere hassle-at-the-border away from Detroit, Windsor is the home base for +8 Records, the label that brings you Techno communications from artists like Plastikman, Speedy J, Vapourspace, and F.U.S.E., just to name a few.

As the entrepreneurial yin to the Techno Ambassador Richie "Plastikman" Hawtin's yang in the +8 Records empire, Acquaviva has quietly helped shape the now red-hot Midwestern underground party scene. "The parties are always special," he says. "We spend a lot of time and money making sure that all of our parties are amazing, with the best lights, sound and DJ's possible. Instead of having 20 mediocre DJ's, we get three great ones."

Indeed, if a gig held in Detroit's Packard Plant last month (billed "Jack is Back") is any indication. Nearly 1,000 kids braved the worst snowstorm of the season to hear Techno legend Derrick May, Richie Hawtin himself, and new jack Chuck Hampton (from nearby college town Ann Arbor, a scene which is currently blowing up) all spin euphoric sets well into the next day.

But while Detroit and the rest of the Midwest have become the +8 life support system, it's in Europe where they really get down to business.

"We spend the majority of our time in Europe simply because what we do is appreciated there far more than in America," he emphasizes. "I've done 20 gigs in 1995, and other than a few for our own parties, all but one have been overseas."

Germany is where Acquaviva finds himself more often than anywhere else, citing the large number of clubs to play and the fanatical house scene that has developed there in recent years. "Nuremberg is amazing. There's a weekly party on this docked boat that really gets going at around six in the morning, and goes until about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then this place called Belly Cloud starts going at four. Needless to say, Richie and I both get back there as much as I can," admits Acquaviva.

He has far fewer accolades when it comes to the American party scene. "For one, America is like a cultural Third World. Everything is about fast food and consumerism. Unfortunately, that narrow-mindedness can spread over into the dance culture. The U.S. just doesn't have very good taste sometimes. A lot of what people dance to is just fast and noisy."

But Acquaviva is quick to amend his strong sentiments when pressed by partygoers in America who ask him how can they like good dance music, if they have no access to it. "It's hard for kids to discover good music and parties here," he emphasizes. "Much of it has to do with the American media, and the way they look to Europe for all of their influences. What they overlook is the influence the American scene has had on the European scene, both musically and culturally."

All of this bpm-driven traveling in search for the perfect beat has yet to slow down the output of +8 products. There's the new Plastikman album, Musik, making its way into the most discriminating sound systems the world over, and both Vapourspace and Speedy J have upcoming release dates. The "Plastikproduct" fan club is about to kick into full-gear, with everything housed in The Building, a huge structure that they recently purchased on the Detroit river. And we haven't even mentioned the pressing plant +8 recently acquired up in Toronto. Or the endless production and remix work Acquaviva and Hawtin do for labels like Definitive and Stickmen Records. Or even the fresh new line of clothes (complete with girly baby-doll tee's) that are quickly becoming club kid wardrobe staples, +8 coffee mugs, anyone?

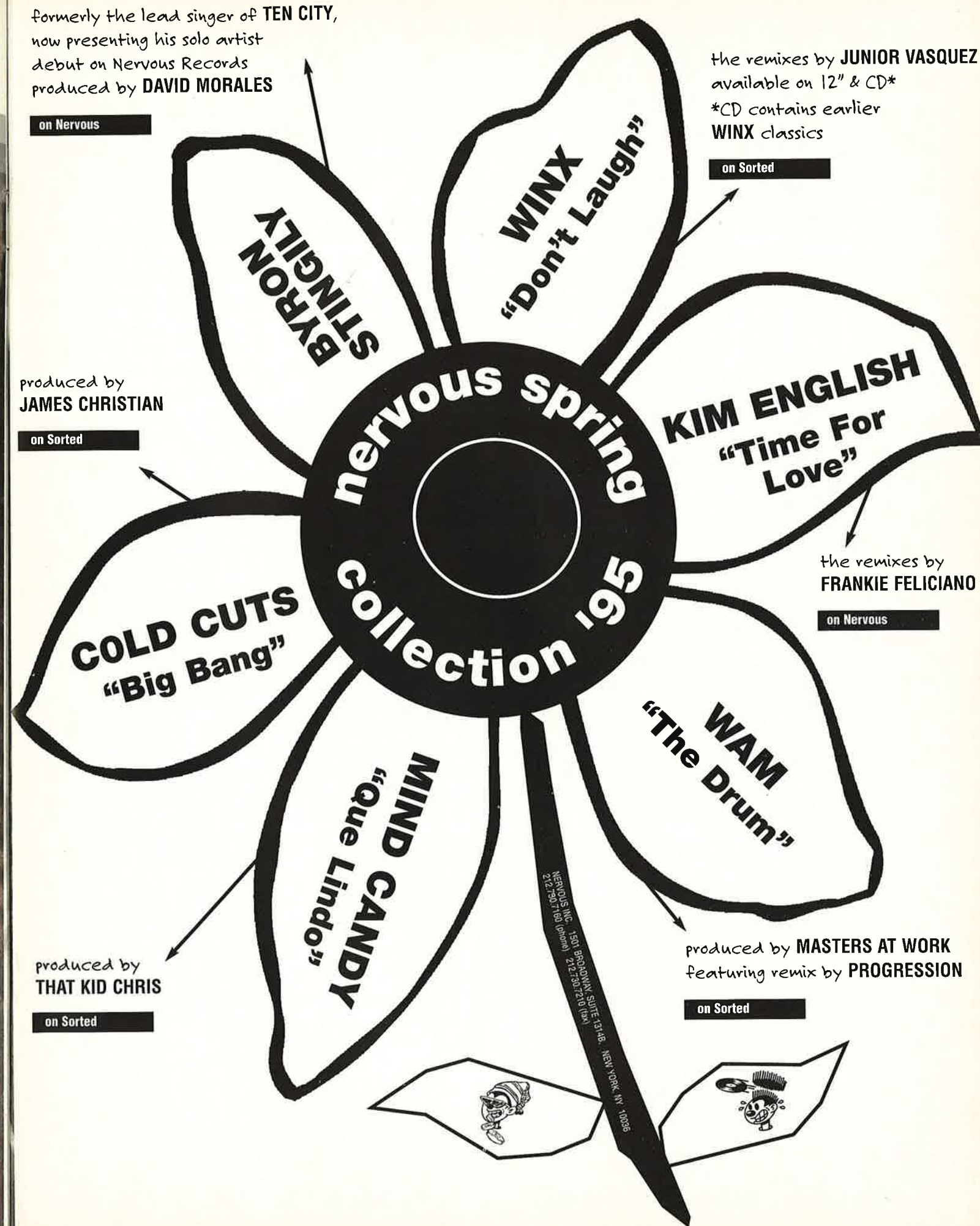
"We're a serious team," explains Acquaviva. "Myself, my wife Carla, Richie, and his little brother Matthew (who, for the record, is quite the Ambient DJ), and +8's in-house artist) all pretty much live this out. There isn't time to do anything else. This is way too much fun."

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# eve gallagher

*She's gotta have it*

by Sloan Mandell

status as a deep house classic back in 1992. It was followed up by Eve's devastating version of "Love Is A Master of Disguise." Then just as More Protein looked set to become one of the most prolific European dance indie labels of the nineties, with Eve as its show-cased diva, the financing was pulled from the label by its parent major company Virgin Records. "Losing Virgin was definitely unexpected" tells Eve, "critically the label was doing very well and everything was developing nicely. It really took George by surprise, he felt that Virgin should have stood by him."

But Boy George, who met Eve while clubbing back in mid 80s, has never been one to back down from a challenge. New deals linking More Protein up with Positiva Records in Europe and Radikal here in the US have put the label (and careers of the label's high profile artists like MC Kinki and Eve) back on track. Meanwhile, Ms. Gallagher had just returned from a video shoot in Morocco for the next single "You Can Have It All" when I spoke to her at her lair in Switzerland. I mentioned that the Alps seemed a strange place for a glitter studded soul singer to live, "Well I grew up in South Africa, which was very strange for a child. I couldn't understand the racism which was so integrated into daily life over there. Switzerland is quite the opposite. It's quite an egalitarian country." But will Ms. Gallagher grace our shores with her velvet voice and striking presence? "I definitely hope to do a club tour of the US once the record is released, to do some shows, and check out the club vibe."

And what of the title of her debut LP? Why "Women Can Have It"? "Well its a strong title for what I hope is an equally strong album. And I want to represent a woman's ability to incorporate everything into her life - career, love, glamour, we truly can have it all."



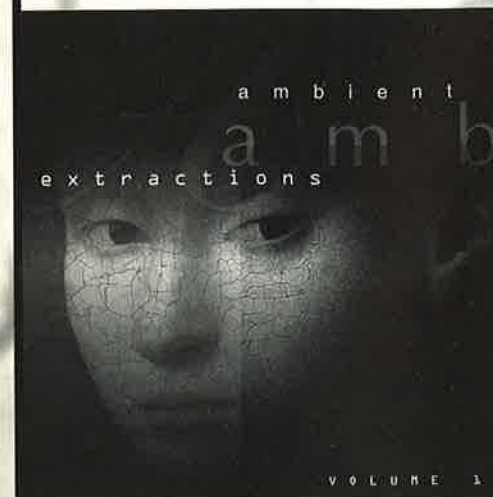
Eve Gallagher is truly a modern, dance floor dominating, couture sporting, six foot one tall (plus stilettos) star diva. It's safe to visualize Helmut Newton drooling upon meeting her, Madonna going through her closet for inspiration, and glitter soaked clubbers flocking to share her spotlight. Hearing her deep, seductive voice over a transatlantic phone line reminds me of the sultry dominatrix she portrays in the video for her debut single "Love Come Down." "Well," says Eve. "The image has changed a lot since that video was shot. I'm wearing quite a bit more clothing these days." And what is Eve's look du jour? "It's still foxy but now I'm wearing suits, more Marlene Dietrich than Russ Meyer."

Although "Love Come Down" is to be the first single released Stateside off of Eve's album "Women Can Have It", the song has actually been around in one version or another for almost five years. As one of the first releases on Boy George's More Protein label out of UK, the song immediately gained



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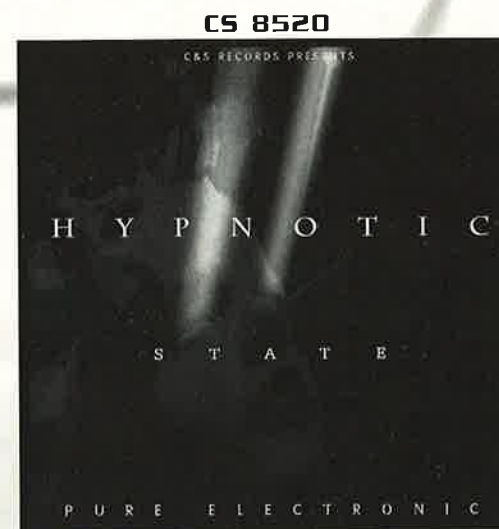


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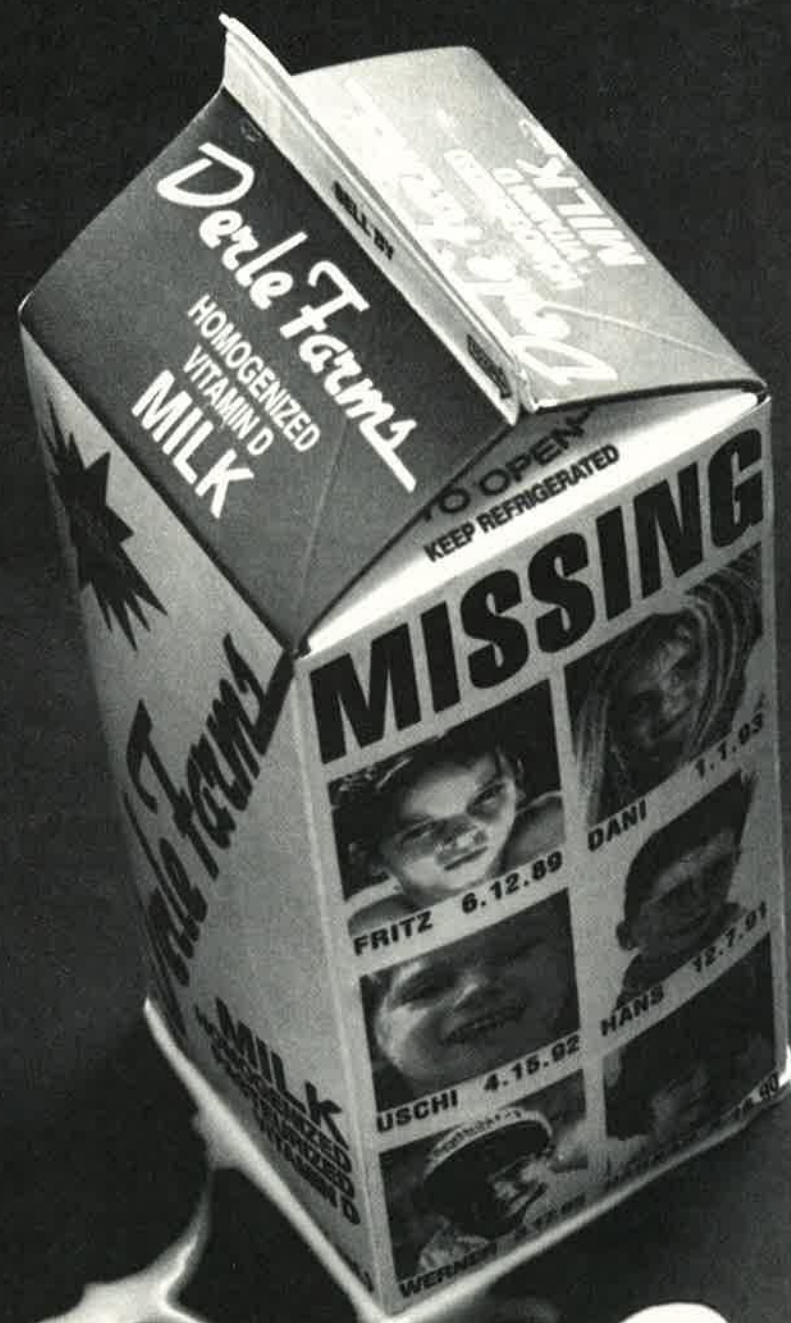
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# FUTURE listening

**is for...** A perennial groove is always in Towa Tei's heart. As co-producer, DJ, and an important one-third of old school Deee-Lite, Tei helped catapult the group from the bowels of New York City's dance underground to the tippy top of the pop charts. But what came with supporting a hit album was a non-stop schedule of traveling, interviews, concerts, and lots of stress. Since the grind proved too grueling for this soft-spoken chap, who hails from the island of Japan, he decided to take a different route with his music.

"After [Deee-Lite] released the first album, we were touring a lot and I got exhausted, so I decided not to do it anymore," recalls Tei, who currently maintains residences in New York and Tokyo. Citing Brian Eno's refusal to tour with Roxy Music in the '70s as precedent, Tei was satisfied with his decision and moved on. "I don't think that I'm very good with the performing part of music, because I'm more into producing it than anything else. I wanted to break from the band and work with other people."

Sure enough, Tei received an offer at the end of '93 to do an album for electro deity and homie Ryuichi Sakamoto, who had just launched his own Japanese-based label, Gud For Life. "Sakamoto asked me, 'Towa, why don't you do your own solo album for my label?'" he reminisces with a giggle. Hey, why not? "I had material ready which didn't really fit into Deee-Lite's third album, so I developed those concepts into my own album."

If anything, Tei could've taken the easy path, you know, create some quick tracks by nabbing some Loleatta Holloway samples and slapping down some funky basslines and beats like everyone else, but that would've been cheating. Instead, Tei secluded himself in his home studio and embarked on a mission to push dance music's envelope. Seeing too many producers drawing recycled ideas from the same shallow well, Tei copiously melded a slew of exotic dance floor styles from lesser-used genres and distilled it into an enthralling offbeat hybrid.

The result of Tei's hard work is his flawless maiden solo voyage, *Future Listening* (Elektra). Eschewing current turntable buzz words like jungle, ambient, trip hop, and nu energy, he brought together spicy Latin rhythms, reggae, R&B, and a host of other styles. Unifying all of these disparate elements was Tei's fascination with "easy listening" and '60s bossanova records he had picked up in thrift stores.

"I wanted to make this project album-oriented as opposed to just tracks, and I wanted to experiment in a totally new dimension," he offers. But was working alone without Lady Kier and Super DJ Dimity ever scary? "Well, with Deee-Lite, there were three people to produce, brainstorm, and budget. This time, I decided *everything* alone, in a way it was great, and in another it was difficult, you know? Since this is the first time that I produced a whole album by myself, I think I was pretty good at it, that is if my album sells."

*Future Listening* was recorded in Tokyo and features an all-star lineup, including Ryuichi Sakamoto, Ambitious Lovers' Arto Lindsay, as well as members of the Plastics, YMO, and Pizzicato Five. One of *Future Listening*'s finest moments is the up tempo R&B jam "Luv Connection," which is fronted by underground chanteuse Joi Cardwell, and demands heaps of radio airplay.

"We have mutual friends, the Mood II Swing guys, and I help them buy equipment and we jam sometimes," he reveals. "So I asked them if they knew Joi Cardwell because I liked her songs and her work on Lil' Louis' *Journey With The Lonely*...."



**TEI**  
towa

by Darren Ressler  
photo by Roberto Ligresti

After a few phone calls, Tei finally hooked up with Cardwell and quickly sent her a tape with the track's concept so that she could pen the lyrics. "She came to my house and sang it three times in the bathroom and it sounded great!"

For "Son of Bambi (Wark Tuff)," another standout where Indian sitars groove over a bed of ragga riddims and guitars, Tei snared the up-and-coming MC Kinky straight outta Britain to handle vocals. Did she have to sing in his bathroom, too? "No," Tei screams, "we took her to a studio!"

As Towa Tei looks ahead to his own promising future, he hopes to continue DJing when his schedule permits. Having remixed the likes of YMO, Nokko and Pizzicato Five, he's keeping that avenue open, too. Though he likens *Future Listening* as something of a musical roll of the dice as his album fuses so many musical styles, Tei already has a load of new ideas for his next album.

"I think that the timing is good for my album because a lot of dance music is really boring at this moment. This could be an acid test for everybody, all the DJs and the kids. I hope a lot of different people like it."

All of this leads to the debate as to which section of the record store Tei's eclectic album should be stocked. "I dunno because there's so many styles," he says wrestling with dilemma. "Maybe it should be in every section."

Darren Ressler is our Staten Island based homie who wants to be adopted by Tony Humphries. Towa wears a shirt by Helmut Lang, coat by Mark Eisen and a tie from Modell's.





## Juan Atkins

# Detroit

Detroit and the word "techno" go together like peanut butter & jelly, bell-bottoms and disco, club kids and ecstasy. The synthetically manufactured sound that was discovered and developed in Detroit by the Big Three founding fathers - Kevin Saunderson, Derrick May and Juan Atkins - has long ago crossed the state borders and gone global. But what has remained a mystery for many years now, are the whens, the hows, and the whys of its history. "Who discovered techno?" is now an ancient question and topic of heated controversial discussions. Juan Atkins breaks it down for Project X in his own words like you've never heard it before. Here are the fifteen essential historic facts of Detroit techno according to one of its founders.

### The Summer of 1980

It all goes back to 1980 when I graduated from Belleville High School in Michigan. Derrick and Kevin were still attending because they are one or

two years younger than me. As a matter of fact, I don't think Derrick ever graduated at all. I got interested in music while I was in high school, because I already knew what I wanted to do. I was taking a lot of relevant classes: Music Theory I & II,

reading and writing music, I learned it all. That summer, before I started community college, I bought a Korg MS-10 synthesizer. This was about the time when synths were becoming important in dance music. This marked the beginning of the "electronic thing".

### We Formed Cybotron

In the fall of 1980, I met Rick Davis at Washtenaw Community College and together, we formed Cybotron. Not only was the name

futuristic, but I think we were the only electronic dance group in America at the time. Of course, you had Tangerine Dream and Kraftwerk, but none of these guys were in the States. We were both really into futuristic images and electronic music.

### Electro Alleys

In April of 1981, we released our first single, "Alleys of your Mind" on our own little basement label, Deep Space Records. It was more of a predecessor for the electro thing as opposed to the house thing. It wasn't like four to the floor rhythm. If you can remember Ultravox, "Mr. X", it was very similar. As a matter of fact, "Mr. X" was a strong influence on me when we made the track. Kraftwerk and Parliament Funkadelic were also big influences at the time. If you can imagine a cross breed between Kraftwerk and Parliament Funkadelic, that's what

"Alleys of your Mind" was. Now, at this time, Derrick was working at a video arcade and Kevin was still in high school playing varsity football.

### Rollin' wit

#### "The Electrifying" Mojo

Once we got a copy of the record to "The Electrifying" Mojo, who was a very popular radio DJ at the time, things really got rollin'. He banged the record on the air to no end. Over 50,000 watts every night. As a result, we ended up selling 15,000 copies in Detroit and became instant hometown superheros.

### Cars without Wheels

Later, in the summer of 82', we released our second single, "Cosmic Cars." Basically, it was the same story as the first, but now we had two radio stations who picked it up. Word of our hometown fame got around to Fantasy Records in California who made us an offer to distribute the first two singles nationally and to pick up the rights to the forth coming album in Spring of 1983.

### Enter into the Nation

When the full length record was released, it was titled Enter and the single that was taken from it was "Clear". This was the track that really gave Cybotron national notoriety. We got on the Billboard charts and sold about 50,000 or 60,000. We went in the top 40 on the black singles chart, but the album never made it, only

## METROPLEX

that single. After the release of "Clear" in June of 85', came the remixes, the first from Jose "The Animal" Dias who was a popular DJ in New York at the time on "92 WKTU."

### No UFO's and lots of pepperoni

Shortly after our success, Cybotron split because of musical differences and immediately after, I started Metroplex Records. I released the first single on the label that same year, 1985, titled "No UFO's" which became an instant smash because of the identifiable Cybotron sound. Now, at this time Kevin was delivering pizzas for Dominos and Derrick had moved to Chicago with his parents and was commuting back and forth to Detroit.

### The beginning of the house thing.

On one of his trips to Chicago, Derrick brought along a copy of "No UFO's". Now, this was during the time when people like Farley "Jackmaster Funk" and Ralph Rozario were on the radio because a lot of stations were playing late night mixes. These dance shows had really started during the Disco years in 79' and 80', but even after the stations changed formats, they still kept the late night DJs. These guys were mostly playing rare Italian imports and classic disco records, believe it or not. Derrick got the record to these DJs, who started playing it on the mix shows and suddenly it started selling a ton in Chicago, like 15,000. This was at the beginning of the house thing. The only other domestic

record out at the time, I think, was Jesse Saunders and that was only a rhythm track.

### Derrick at the turntables.

Derrick moved back to Detroit in late 85' and became a popular DJ, especially on Friday nights at the club Liederknot. He was playing the same things that the Chicago DJs were playing. This was pre-Chicago house which included alternative dance groups like Depeche Mode and certain funk tunes and Italian imports that

# Techno

were getting a lot of play. The Italians never stopped playing Disco, they simply evolved it and most of the domestic dance records were being put out by the major labels like Epic and Sire. Kevin was still attending Eastern Michigan University at the time and still delivering pizzas.

### Wasted resources

Derrick and I have always been best friends and in the Spring of 1987 we formed Transmat

## t r a n s m a t

Records. We worked on the first release titled "Lets go" and it did all right. It was the second record "Nude Photo" by Rhythm is Rhythm in late 87' that Derrick worked on with Tom Barnet, which really set things off. The track sounded like a computer game over a disco beat. At 125 bpm, it was an evolution from "No UFO's," but it still lacked structure. Also, at this time, you had a lot of Londoners coming to Chicago to check out the house movement but upon their arrival they discovered Detroit because we were selling more records than anyone else. Meanwhile, the Hip-Hop thing had become so big in Detroit, you couldn't give a dance record away in the city. We had to take all of our records to Chicago where we could sell 10,000 copies.

Detroit never had the resources to take advantage of the talent, it's a real blue collar type of city. "The Electrifying" Mojo had been taken off the air and there was nobody left to help us.

### The Detroit thing in Europe

Chicago always did their own thing and I'm not going to take anything away from them, I respect what they did. The attitude was like "Chicago is good, but there are other guys selling records from this other city about four hours away, and their shit is just a little more progressive and not as laid back as the Chicago style". When the house thing started blowing up in Europe, Derrick's "Nude Photo" was just released. It was a great record that was out at the right time. It

catapulted the whole Detroit thing in Europe. Nobody was really using the term "techno" because it was associated with "electro" and electro was more on the Hip-Hop tip. People thought of "Planet Rock" by Afrika Bambaataa as electro at the time, but that kinda faded out in 85'.

### Jumping on the bandwagon

During the New Year's of '88, Neil Rushton from Cool Cat Network Records flew Derrick over to England because "Nude Photo" was such a hit over there. He had been picking up records from Chicago 'till he heard this Detroit stuff. He basically wanted to hook up with Derrick who was getting all sorts of contract offers from the British labels. Now I see that Neil was just another person jumping on the Detroit bandwagon. Once he flew Derrick over, they managed to convince Ten/Virgin Records into doing a Detroit compilation for the summer of '88. As a result of this compilation, the whole techno thing really blew up.

### "OK, we do techno."

Virgin put a big promotional campaign behind their first techno compilation. They flew reporters over from NME and The Face to

Detroit with big cameras and even bigger budgets. It was hyped up to be the next big sound in England. The album was tentatively titled "The House Sound of Detroit" until the last track was submitted. It was my track titled "Techno Music". I had this computer generated voice on the track saying "I program

techno music". It was about 130 bpm. When they received this track, Mick Clark in particular who was the A&R guy for the compilation, thought about it and said "wait a minute". They changed the name of the album to "Techno - The New Dance Sound of Detroit". Before that, Kevin and Derrick were dead set against the term "techno" but now everybody started saying, "OK, we do techno."

### The Big Fun theory

The compilation also featured Blake Baxter, Eddie Fowlkes, Kevin Saunderson's debut of "Big Fun," and Derrick May with "It Is What It Is" and "Feels So Real". The record had a big impact mostly due to the fact that "Big Fun" was on it and that track was a massive hit in Europe. It's success gave credibility to the whole "Detroit techno campaign" otherwise, it would have been just another compilation with a big buzz on it. It enabled people like Mick Clark to go around and say, "See, I told you there was something to this Detroit thing". Whereas, if we hadn't had that smash hit, it would have just died off and motherfuckers would have been looking at Mick like, "Man, why did you sink all that money into it?"

### Back in the day

I definitely give Kevin the credit for the hit record even though several others had a lot to do with it creatively. It was his master take, basically. You see, this is the way things would happen back in the day: Kevin would say, "Look, we're gonna rent a 16 track or an 8 track for this weekend and everybody is gonna come over and have some beers and shit, laugh and make tracks all weekend." Guys like James Penington, Art Forest and I would come over 'cause Kevin would always be asking us for pointers about things. I knew everything there was to know about all that stuff 'cause I'd been doing it since 1980. "Big Fun" was a tracks that came out of one of those sessions. It was just a weekend of getting drunk and fooling around.



JUAN ATKINS IS CURRENTLY WORKING ON A FULL LENGTH ALBUM TITLED DEEP SPACE DUE OUT IN MARCH OF 95 ON R&S RECORDS. PROJECT X WOULD LIKE TO THANK JUAN FOR TAKING THE TIME TO INFORM US ON HIS VERSION OF THE HISTORY OF DETROIT TECHNO. WITH LITTLE MORE TO SAY ABOUT IT, JUAN LEFT OUR OFFICE WITH HIS LAST THOUGHTS, HOPEFULLY, MORE PEOPLE IN AMERICA WILL UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF TECHNO FROM DETROIT JUST AS THEY DO IN EUROPE.







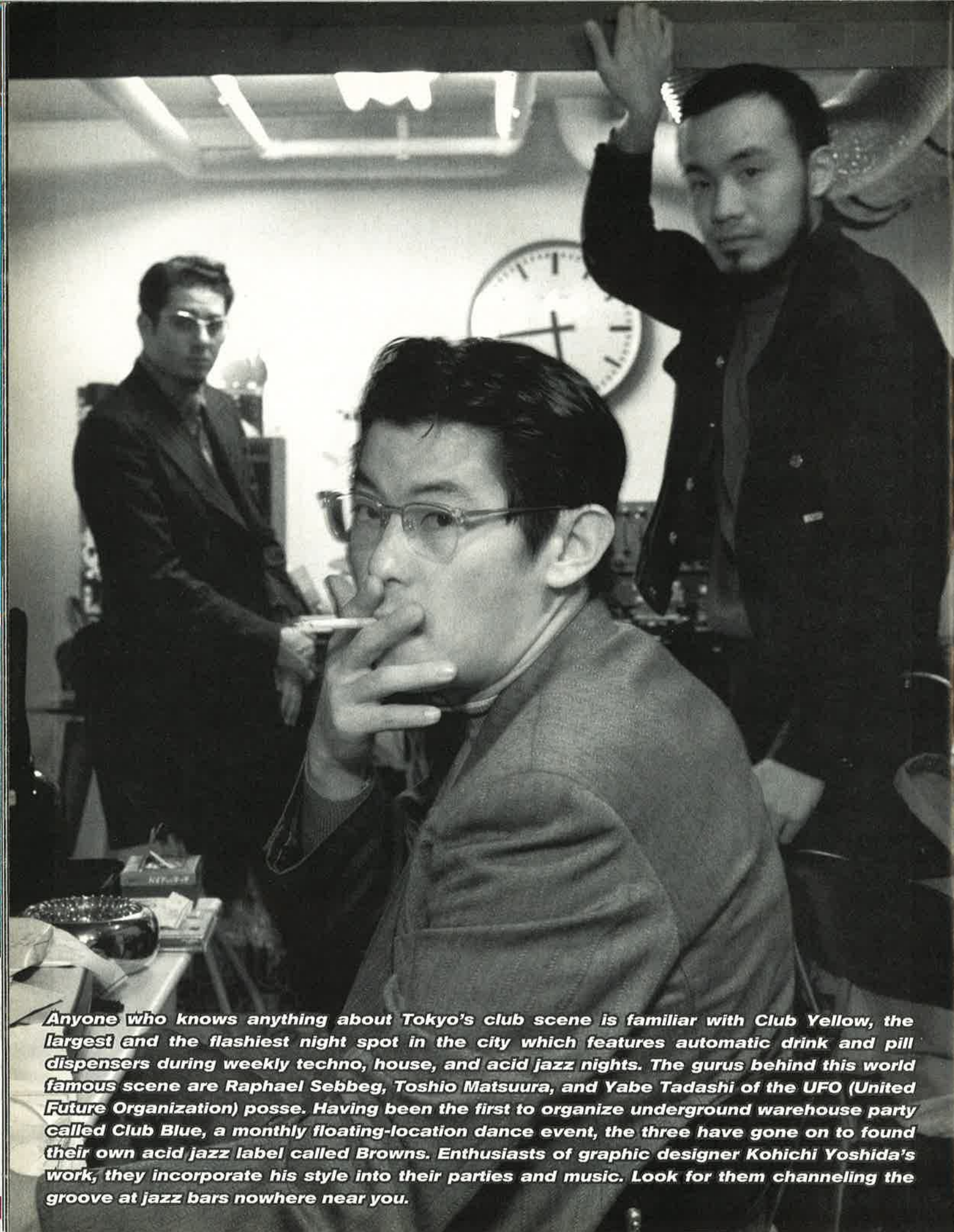
**i and j** is for...

**"BIG IN JAPAN" isn't just a favorite tune on VH-1's The Big 80's program; Project X has been humming it ever since our style monitor, Shingo Wakagi, returned from Tokyo. He scoured this 21st-century city's club scene to meet, befriend, and document a batch of celebutantes who top every Japanese name-dropper's list.**

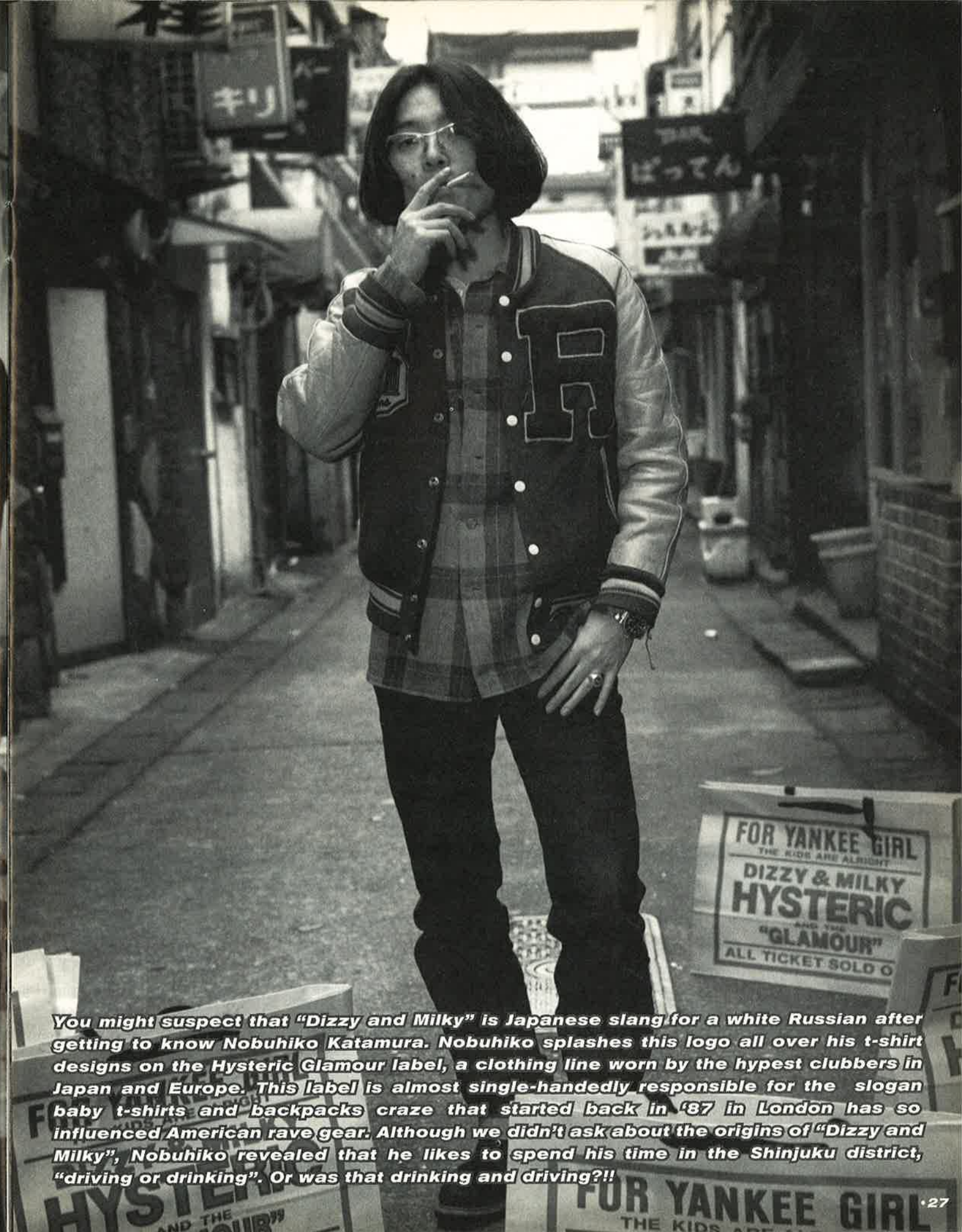
*After six frazzling days a week of power schooling, clubbers Masumi, Ayumi, and Terui like to throw on some trendy club gear, drive around the Shibuya district, and harass the police. They don't think that clubs are as exciting as they used to be because of Japan's economic recession, while raves have become mainstream and corporate. So, they prefer kickin' it on the streets and causing trouble; isn't that cute?*

*Sayoko Amano, one of Tokyo's best known actresses and glamour girls, wasn't acting when she starred in "Tokyo Decadence". A consummate press whore and attention shifter, she had no problem posing topless in S-M gear on the streets of the Shibuya district or even going to Domino's for a slice of pizza with the photographer after the shoot, while still in this outfit!! Sayoko's brazenness not only raised a few eyebrows but also aroused the "curiosity" of an older gentleman, prompting him to approach her table and inquire, "Is that pepperoni on your pizza, or did your pasties fall off?" Paradoxically, her favorite designer label is Dolce & Gabbana. Catch Sayoko whipping up the party at her favorite night spot, Club Yamada.*





Anyone who knows anything about Tokyo's club scene is familiar with Club Yellow, the largest and the flashiest night spot in the city which features automatic drink and pill dispensers during weekly techno, house, and acid jazz nights. The gurus behind this world famous scene are Raphael Sebbeg, Toshio Matsuura, and Yabe Tadashi of the UFO (United Future Organization) posse. Having been the first to organize underground warehouse party called Club Blue, a monthly floating-location dance event, the three have gone on to found their own acid jazz label called Browns. Enthusiasts of graphic designer Kohichi Yoshida's work, they incorporate his style into their parties and music. Look for them channeling the groove at jazz bars nowhere near you.



You might suspect that "Dizzy and Milky" is Japanese slang for a white Russian after getting to know Nobuhiko Katamura. Nobuhiko splashes this logo all over his t-shirt designs on the Hysteric Glamour label, a clothing line worn by the hypest clubbers in Japan and Europe. This label is almost single-handedly responsible for the slogan baby t-shirts and backpacks craze that started back in '87 in London has so influenced American rave gear. Although we didn't ask about the origins of "Dizzy and Milky", Nobuhiko revealed that he likes to spend his time in the Shinjuku district, "driving or drinking". Or was that drinking and driving?!!



## YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE, URSULA

Ursula and Debsy were about a block away from SupaRavathon. "Wow," said Debsy, pointing up in the sky. "Look at all the lights. I bet they have an excellent light show!"

Ursula smiled condescendingly. It had been a while since she spent time with a fourteen-year-old junior high school girl. For a quick moment, she felt sad, wishing she could get excited about something as plebeian as a light show. But in fact she was eighteen and had more important things on her mind. Like trying to locate that one man who could fill all her needs. The DJ who had made her feel like a woman during one very special twilight flight from Miami to New York. The tall, beautiful European DJ with the bald head and bright shirts... the one and only DJ Ludwig.

She had gone through hell tonight in order to find him. Only 2 hours previous, she was being held hostage in the back of a disgusting van that belonged to the repulsive Cantini Brothers. She could barely stand to think of what might have happened to her if she hadn't escaped. As it was, they had both touched her when they threw into the van, and she could still smell their odor on her skin. She couldn't wait to take a long, hot bubble bath! But that was for later. For now, she had to find Ludwig who was headlining the event.

Ursula and Debsy were now just a few steps away from the high school football field where SupaRavathon was taking place. They could see lots of ravers milling around up ahead. And the sounds of massive techno kick drums was getting louder and louder. Debsy pulled hard on Ursula's arm.

"Ursula, what if I don't get in? I don't have any fake ID. Oh no. What am I going to do? I just have to get in! I have to!"

"Chill Out!" She took her arm away. "I'll get you in, okay. Just don't, you know, touch me." Ursula could read the crowd right away. Typical suburban ravers. Lots of hair with neon streaks, backpacks, and waterbottles. There were groups of kids standing together in the shadows. They were probably all doing

acid. And then since it was the suburbs, they were a few dorky looking jocks wandering around in their letter jackets, trying to pick up the raver babes.

It used to bother her so much when guys would try to hit on her at clubs. But then last summer she had been fortunate enough to have met a really beautiful model at the salon she went to on Madison Avenue. Her model name was Jay, and Ursula was so thrilled when she sat next to her in the waiting room. Ursula read about her all the time in the gossip columns. Jay smiled at Ursula and commented that she liked her triple decked square heeled white vinyl shoes. Then they started up a conversation about their favorite fashion designers and clubs, and which cosmetic products they preferred. Ursula was so impressed by the way Jay spoke and how she carried herself so well. Jay seemed to emanate a glow of coolness.

At that time, Ursula was going through a phase where she was in between boyfriends, and was bothered by how many greasy, slimy boys would try to talk to her in clubs, restaurants, and even just on the street. But without even asking Jay about it, Ursula knew that she was never bothered by boys. It was just the way she held herself. From that point on, she had decided that she would hold herself that same way. And as a matter of fact, it worked and the geeks stopped bothering Ursula. The few times it happened again, she would just look at them with a glare and say, "How dare you talk to me!" They would invariably walk off like defeated dogs with their tails between their legs. Ursula never saw Jay again, but she would be grateful to her forever.

Now they were right outside the entrance. Ursula waited as Debsy locked her bicycle to the fence that outlined the field. The rave certainly made an impressive sight. The entire football field was filled with kids. The 2 DJs, whom she could recognize from photos as being the Dust Brothers, were elevated above the crowd to the level of the goal post that was at the end of the field. To the right of the field, the bleachers were filled with all kinds of vendors...t-shirts, water,

jewelry, magazines and promoters. For the first time all night, Ursula felt confident that she really was going to see Ludwig. A warm feeling spread from her face to her stomach to her legs. She thought back again to that special plane ride, when she and Ludwig had shared such a great time together in the small, cramped bathroom.

Now Debsy was finally finished locking her bike. Ursula grabbed her hand, and pulled her past the long line of ravers waiting to pay to get in. There was a fence door next to the ticket booth. A stocky, ugly kid sitting on a stool would take the tickets and then open the door. Ursula started to open the door when the stocky kid stood up quickly. "There's a line," he said.

"Oh it's no problem. My name is Ursula. You can just let me in." At that point Ursula quickly started to think about which story she would use... the "I'm the DJ's girlfriend" story, or the "My father's the principal of this school story" (which became the "My father owns this club" when she was trying to get into a club in the city). But something very strange happened. The stocky boy looked at her with a new sense of respect. "Wow, so you're Ursula. Okay, wait here a minute." He walked into the booth. Ursula put on her best impatient look, and then a couple seconds later stocky kid came out with a cool looking kid with orange streaks in his hair. The cool kid opened the fence door and let Ursula and Debsy in.

"So, you're Ursula, huh?" He put out his hand. Ursula inspected it quickly, then shook it. "I'm Ziggy." "Hi Ziggy. Look, do you know me, cause I'll be honest, I don't remember ever meeting you." Debsy tugged at Ursula's arm again. "Ursula, I have to go the bathroom," she said. "I'll be right back."

"Well I don't know you either," said Ziggy. "But you're pretty famous around here. You see the guy who's running this rave, Matt Gurner, he's been looking for you."

"Matt Gurner? I don't think I know him either, but maybe you can tell me something

else. Where's Ludwig?"

"Good question. Lot of people looking for him too. He's supposed to go on next. But there's kind of a crisis going on right now. You see, we think the Cantini Brothers are going to be here any minute to try to break us up. They're trying to steal our party at a warehouse tonight..."

"Yeah, yeah, I know all about it. So you're saying they're going to be here soon." "Yeah, why? You know them." Thoughts of bloody, torturous revenge flew through Ursula's head.

Suddenly there was a lot of commotion back on the street. Car horns were blaring, and kids were running around frantically. Everyone on line started to panic. Some bum-rushed the gate, and ran right through any efforts by the stocky kid to keep it shut. Others ran back up onto the street.

"I'm going to see what's going on," said Ursula. "Come with me in case I need help," she ordered Ziggy. "Help for what?" he said nervously. "Just come with me." They walked quickly up to the street. That's when they heard the dogs barking. A huge crowd of kids formed on the sidewalk. Ursula pushed her way to the front, and was confronted with the bizarre sight of the Cantini Brothers standing in the middle of the road, four big, greasy big guys wearing stained black leather jackets at their side, all of them holding snarling, barking attack dogs. Luigi Cantini put a megaphone to his lips.

"We ain't looking for any trouble," he said to the stunned, frightened crowd of ravers. "We just want our party back."

## GULP FICTION

Matt Gurner took a final long drag from his Camel, then stubbed it out on the floor of his Nissan. He was idling at a red light at the corner of Steamboat Road and Old Mill Boulevard, on his way back to his SupaRavathon. He was experiencing a profound sense of loneliness and despair. He knew that any minute now - maybe it was even happening at this moment the Cantini Brothers were going to crash his party. No

more fat wads of cash in his pocket; no more record buying binges; no more of that excellent Jamaican weed; and worst of all, no more chances to impress the irresistible Ursula. He clicked on the radio as the light turned green. Barbie Dare, his favorite DJ on the local colleges techno radio station WBUD, was on. As a new track by Richie Hawtin came to an end, she said in a sexy, sultry voice, "And now, I'm dedicating this one to my man, Matt, who's throwing the monster SupaRavathon tonight. This next one's for you, Matt. We know you're having some problems tonight, but don't worry. Just keep it real, and everything will be okay."

Moby's "FEELING SO REAL" came blasting out of the his speakers. Suddenly he felt inspired. Fuck it, he thought. Even though he knew PB and his B-boy crew of wanna-be gangbangers weren't going to help him (and that in spite of his offer to them of a year's supply of free weed), he would go back to the event on his own, and try to fend off the Cantini's. He put in his Vangelis "Soundtrack to Blade Runner" tape, as he always did when he had to psyche himself up for something. He began to imagine that he was the Harrison Ford character, getting ready to do battle with the Rutger Hauer character. His adrenaline now beginning to pump up, he floored the accelerator and headed straight to the high school football field.

## LUDWIG'S IMMORTAL BELOVED EGO

Ludwig's cab made a right onto the street in front of SupaRavathon. He was immediately affronted by the sight of hundreds of kids blocking the road. "Geez," said the elderly cabdriver. "What the hell's going on here? Look at all these kids. Who's showing up? The President?"

"Oh no, it's just me. Please drive up a little further, right by the entrance over there." The cab slowly moved forward, ravers slowly moving out of the way. Suddenly Matt Gurner's nissan sped past the cab, jumped the sidewalk, and stopped just ten feet in front of the Cantini's. Matt jumped out, to the cheers of the surrounding ravers. "Okay, Cantini," he yelled. "You can just

get the fuck out of here. I know everything. I know that you overcharged me for those flyers, which is why I couldn't pay your bill. I know that you took my name off the flyers for the rave we were supposed to be doing together. So I don't owe you shit. Leave!" Both Mario and Luigi had the same blank look on their face as Matt spoke.

"Kid," Mario drooled. "You're about to get your ass kicked so badly that your friends here will never recognize you again." One of the tough guys walked out to where Gurner stood, his attack dog now pulling at the leather leash, his steel-like jaws snapping just inches away from Gurner's stomach.

Gurner looked around for help, but received just blank stares from the surrounding ravers. Back in the crowd, Ursula was barely paying attention to Matt's bravery. In fact, she hadn't even bothered to realize that he was the guy whom Ziggy had been telling her was so intent on meeting her. Instead she was just looking closely at a taxi-cab that was idling at the back of the crowd. Something told her that was probably Ludwig.

Suddenly another car was now speeding down the block. This time it was a beat-up ford with a massive trunk-a-funk booming Mad Lion's "SHOOT TO KILL" out of its windows. The car jumped the sidewalk, scattering ravers everywhere, and pulled up right behind Gurner. It was PB and his boys.

"All right Gurner, you owe us big time for this" he said, trying to sound as much as possible like a Brooklyn hood even though he and his friends were from the suburbs like everyone else at the rave.

"No problem PB," Matt responded, with as close as he could come to a smile at this treacherous moment.

"Yo, where my crew at!" PB yelled. Out of the Ford came a seemingly endless supply of PB's gang members all packing tech-9 rifles. Gurner decided he wouldn't call them "wanna-be" gangbangers anymore. "Aiiight, now whutup," PB yelled at Cantini. "I hear you







been bothering my boy here. If you wanna bother him, you gotta bother me first."

"Ay, fuck you," screamed Mario Cantini. "And what are you doing in this neighborhood anyway. I thought we left cockroaches like you back in the Bronx." "Take it easy, Mario," said Luigi, knowing that they were outnumbered and had no chance.

Meanwhile, Ludwig had been calmly sitting in the back of his cab this whole time, completely unaware of what was going on. He couldn't see into the middle of the circle where the confrontation was taking place, and figured that everyone was simply gathering together for his appearance. After all, whenever he played in any European country, he always received a royal welcome.

"Okay, taxi driver," Ludwig said, "I'll get out now."

"Fine. That'll be 74 dollars." Usually Lara took care of Ludwig's money. Suddenly he missed her. But the moment quickly passed. Even though they had gotten into a fight, he knew they would make up. They always did. He would have felt a lot differently had he known that she was currently being restrained in a holding cell at a terrifying, downtown police station, a police officer explaining to her that she was going to be charged with attempted murder on a police officer, a crime that carried a minimum sentence of 25 years to life.

Ludwig gave the cab driver a hundred dollar bill. He quickly left the cab, not bothering to collect his change. Stepping into the crowd with his records, all the ravers immediately noticed him and starting chanting "Lud...WIG, Lud...WIG, Lud...WIG" Ludwig assumed the greeting committee was up in the front, where a tight crowd was gathered in a circle. He made his way through the crowd in that direction. There was so much commotion now that even PB and the Cantini's had to turn around as the tall, bald-headed German superstar approached them.

Ursula's heart began pounding when she saw him. At first she tried to rush to his side, but the crowd was now so tightly packed that she couldn't get anywhere. She decided she would go back to the DJ stand, and surprise him when he got there.

Ludwig, meanwhile, had the crowds parting for him as he walked into the hostile circle of Italian thugs and African-American gangsters. He saw the megaphone and assumed it was for him. He walked right up to the speechless Mario and took it from him.

"Thank you very much for the megaphone," Ludwig said to Mario. He leaned down and began petting the now docile, happy attack dogs who rolled over on their backs while Ludwig tickled their stomachs. Gurner was standing behind PB, watching in amazement.

"Hello everyone! I'm very glad you came to greet me like this. But for now, please, let's party." The ravers roared their approval, and suddenly everyone was following Ludwig back onto the field. PB and the Cantini Brothers gave each other dirty looks, but knew it was futile to fight now. Gurner thanked PB, threw a big bag of weed into his hand, and ran after Ludwig. By now Ludwig was halfway across the field. The lighting guys were having fun with the whole situation, as they had let the field fall into complete darkness, and were only spotlighting Ludwig as he walked across the field.

This had caused great concern to Ursula, who was by now standing on the elevated DJ platform, trying to re-do her hair and make-up for this fabulous reunion. Ludwig started to climb the ladder, and now the spotlight was hitting Ursula as well illuminating the silver sparkles she threw on her hair.

Gurner was now at the base of the platform, and as soon as he saw her, he shouted her name. She peered into the blackness of the field. Right in front of the platform, where the voice had come from, was a big, wet mud pit, the last vestige of the previous night's rainstorm. Gurner yelled again.

"Ursula, I'm down here! Yo Dred!" he yelled at the lighting man. "Turn up the light!" But by now the crowd was getting noisy, heavily anticipating Ludwig's first record of his set, and Dred couldn't hear Gurner.

"Who's down there?" Ursula said, leaning even further over the platform. Just then Ludwig reached the top step and walked onto the platform, the house lights flew on. Ursula was temporarily blinded, and she took a step in the wrong direction, right off the platform. Matt Gurner was standing right next to the mud pit when Ursula fell into it with a loud thud. She was covered from head to toe in deep, black mud.

"Oh my God!" she shrieked.

"Holy shit, Ursula," said Gurner. "Are you okay?" She frantically pulled her compact out of her pocketbook, which also was covered in mud. When she saw herself, she screamed again. She thought she looked just like Sissy Spacek when she played Carrie, and had gotten pig's blood poured all over her, and this made her scream even louder.

"C'mon," said Gurner, taking her hand. "I'll take you to the bathroom."

"No, I have to see Ludwig."

By now, though, Ludwig had started his set, and the lights were going crazy again, and the music was blasting. With heavy, mud-stained tears falling down her face, she realized how she looked, and knew that she would not want Ludwig to see her tonight. She turned to Gurner.

"You!" she yelled, pointing at him.

"You're the one who made me lose my balance. I hate you, and will never, ever talk to you ever again!" Gurner stood transfixed, as Ursula stalked off. For just a moment, it seemed like the night might be fixed. But now, once again, everything was ruined.

To be continued in the next issue.  
(Life Story starts in issue #27)

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**mm** is for...

Good exterior and looking perfect and making money is monolithic and it cracks down. There's still a part of me that wants to be accepted by the status quo, but it's a small part and it keeps getting smaller.

Two years ago, everyone in the music industry thought that techno was the next big thing, and it never happened. Why didn't techno happen? For one simple reason, the music got less and less interesting.

Moby is the face of American techno. Mainly because, well, with a fanatical craving for self promotion and an interview roster that encompasses every glossy from People to I-D, he's made sure of it. In other words, there really isn't much to say about him that hasn't been published in at least twenty five major national magazines in the past two years already. You know, all that consumer-friendly babble of being the first major American techno artist, promoting the "rave" scene, being a born again Christian, etc.

On stage Moby is something akin to an emaciated Tasmanian Devil under the strobe light. In real life, he's a skinny, nerdy guy prone to endless self examination, a committed vegan, and endlessly self declared born-again Christian (just see the full page article he wrote for Details just to prove the point) - although his religious fervency fluctuated according to mood. Musically, Moby is America's closest equivalent to European hard-core/anthemic techno with an output encompassing everything from ambient, to breakbeats, to hard-core, to the record-breaking 1,000 (a song which crashes the aural sound barrier of 1,000 bpm's), the lush classic Go, the only slightly less classic Move, and reportedly 150 albums worth of unreleased material.

These days Moby is busy promoting his new album Everything is Wrong, which means he's meeting with enough magazines (forty by his own count) to make even Kate Moss's head spin. Throwing together as it does hard-core techno, thrash metal, hymnal anthems and deep ambient rolls, it's nice, but probably doesn't merit the sort of press exposure normally afforded a Papal visit. Then, as Moby himself admits, extended interviews are like free analysis for him, just missing out the client's confidentiality part.

Nice guy, nerd, rabid exhibitionist - of course he's an only child and as Betsey, his mom, puts it best: "Around puberty Moby went through a tough time, afraid he would never get any taller... We come from Darien - the gold coast of Connecticut full of conservative wealthy Republicans, CEO's - those types. He came home one day and asked why we didn't have a Mercedes..." Today, Moby found his treasure and he's flaunting it. Oh and the religion thing? "It comes and goes really," Betsey tells us. "He's very outspoken about his religion, then he'll go for a long time without mentioning it really. Lately, he doesn't seem to be particularly religious - but then, he'll go ahead and dedicate a song to Jesus on stage."

interview by **Olly Blackburn**  
photographed by **Roberto Ligresti**  
styling/grooming by **Kevin Shapiro**  
Moby wears jacket by **Sabotage**

#### Do you see your music as a soundtrack to something?

Almost every piece of music I make, I envision. Sometimes, it's pure fantasy, and sometime it's specific situations, like recreating the feeling of thousands of people dancing at 6 o'clock in the morning or a fifteen year old girl sitting alone in her room crying and being lonely and wanting to slit her wrist.

#### You have become a representative of American techno abroad and a much bigger star in Europe than America. Why?

American dance community is so anal, one of the things I love about Europe is that it has such a celebratory quality. In US there's still a lot of elitism. Hip hop kids just want to "out tuff" each other while the Club Kids want to see how high they can get on special K, how much free stuff they can get, and how famous they can become on the scene. It's just not healthy or constructive. I see a lot of insecure, conservative, anal people deciding what's cool and what's not. When the rave scene started here, it was all euphoria and even the whole gay/dance/disco scene was very celebratory, and then, for some reason, the weird elitist thing crept in. The popular records became very esoteric, and the more character the record has, the less popular it became. The most special part of dance culture that I ever experienced was performing in front of thousands of people blowing whistles, throwing their hands up in the air all covered in sweat. It pains me that's me that it's not cool anymore, that people sits on dance floors, and are resigned to depressing subjective experiences while there's a potential for a wonderful collective.

#### Why do you think the scene has grown stagnant?

The drugs that people are doing in clubs are depressants and encourage insecurity. New York is a very self-conscious scene and when the rave scene is infiltrated by the "cool" scene or the hip-hop scene, that doesn't work. Also, I think that the new school of DJs is really bad. They're afraid to take any chances. The person that stood out and transcended is Larry Levan - he would play Gloria Gaynor next to the Clash next to First Choice - really eclectic musical selection. When I went to clubs in the early eighties, eclecticism reigned. It was wonderful, but then maybe, I was naive. At this point, I've lost interest in dance music to be honest. Most of intelligent techno like Orbital or Aphex Twin, some of it is nice, it never inspires me. If it's melodic, there are better melodies, if it's sexy, there's sexier music out there.

#### What do you think is the reason?

Two years ago, everyone in the music industry thought that techno was the next big thing, and it never happened. I've been going to all these music conventions and that's the big question, why didn't techno happen? But it's for one simple reason, the music got less and less interesting. I blame the DJs and I blame the music makers for being so fucking conservative. But there were some magic moments back in '91 even if was something simple like "Everybody's Free" by Rozalla. It revoked emotional responses that music now doesn't. Why? Because the kids are into drugs or clothing too much? No. Because the DJ is playing boring music. I feel

like an old crank "It was better back in my day," but records are not selling and songs last for five days. It's like everything is being made by the same person with no personality and no character. And I blame the DJs who want to "educate" the crowd. Well, I don't want to be educated with some cool underground esoteric non sense. I want to celebrate and sweat and forget where I am for a few minutes.

#### Do you think that you've enticed jealousy with your success?

I understand jealousy. Before I had any success, I was very jealous of people that are successful and I still am. It's part of being a young man in New York City. But then I'm not into things that the "intelligencia" of the rave community that's into hanging out and smoking a lot of pot - which to me is a phenomenal waste of time. I'd like my life to be a little more dynamic. I do a lot of interviews and have a lot of visibility and that breeds contentment. But when I perform and scream and break things on stage, it's not the most intelligent performance but it alienates a lot of glitteratti and I have a good time, but people may dismiss it as being exhibitionist. I enjoy it and it's nice having people pay attention to you. I'm not particularly tall, or particularly good looking, or fashionable, or dance well, or do drugs, so it's hard for me to meet people the traditional way so I'm enjoying my popularity. But if when this record comes out and sells ten copies and my record company drops me, I have the rest of my life to live in obscurity.

#### So being famous is your way of getting a social life?

What bred in me a fundamental insecurity is growing up poor. Where I grew up, they discriminated against you not if you're black or Puerto Rican or Chinese - there was no racism - but you were discriminated against if you were poor. That bred a feeling of inadequacy. We had to borrow money to eat at times while my friends and their parents were taking ski trips in Vail or going to Paris for a week. My summer vacations I spent at home with my coin collection or going to the public beach while my friends were going to country clubs. I realized later that wealth doesn't make me happy, communicating with people and having friends that I love and running around in the sun and going swimming and cooking dinner with my friends, and being creative - those things make me happy. And doing interviews because I meet a lot of nice people! Although there's still a part of me that wants a little house with all those nice accouterments that my parent's friends had, but at the same time good exterior and looking perfect and making money is monolithic and it cracks down. There's still a part of me that wants to be accepted by the status quo, but it's a small part and it keeps getting smaller. I don't know what to do with money anyway. I just save it. I only invested into my studio equipment, that was my big rock-n-roll investment. I also got a chance to meet all the people whose records I was buying before I became famous and now I hang out with the techno glitteratti and find that I don't have much in common.

#### What else do you do?

I've been making music for twenty years, it's the only thing I know how to do well and I feel guilty because there's so much waste involved - like toxins and plastics and oils that go into sustaining my career. And for what purpose? To put some money in my bank account? To give people something nice to listen to at home? Or is it a contribution to the environmentally destructive system? That's the downside. But if that's my motivation, that I will stop... Right now I live alone and I work alone. But I'll supplement my desire to be in love with someone, or live with some, by making my music.

Everything is Wrong is out now on Elektra Records. Moby's earlier work is available on Instinct Records.



Home Improvement...  
Moby kickin' it with Mom-Betsy

I blame the DJs for being so fucking conservative and playing boring music and the DJs that want to "educate" the crowd. Well, I don't want to be educated with some cool underground esoteric non sense. I want to celebrate and sweat and forget where I am for a few minutes.

When I perform and scream and break things on stage, it's not the most intelligent performance but it alienates a lot of glitterati and I have a good time, but people may dismiss it as being exhibitionist. I'm enjoying my popularity. If when this record comes out and sells ten copies and my record company drops me, I have the rest of my life to live in obscurity.

I remember when I went to my first club. I was just thirteen, fresh out of eighth grade and ready to conquer the whole world. Back then, I don't think you could say I really fit in with the other kids—they thought the purple suede Charles Jourdan platform stilettos I wore to gym class a bit much (but honestly, that was my signature look at the time)—and needless to say, I just didn't fit in. And that is when I found the Celebrity Club in the Basement at Tunnel. That night I thought Larry Tee was the baddest ass to ever use a cross-fader and club kids like Dean Bowerly were all so chic. Of course many people disagreed. Some still talk about the good old days at Area, the club that set the tone for all the velvet rope policies of the 80s. And then there is the really old school, you know, those old enough to remember Larry Levan at Paradise Garage and Liza Minelli at the "private room" of Studio 54. But those of us who had a curfew of eleven o'clock until 1980 have very different standards of what "makes" a club. The new school's criteria varies from coast to coast. Some swear their loyalty to the DJ, some to sound system and decor, and some to the sequined freaks that run around with the drug dealers in the bathrooms.

## NIGHTTALKING in the USA

So what is it exactly that makes a club hype? That's a matter of opinion, although a place must offer something unique and still remain true to its clientele. Here are our picks for the best clubs in USA (this year!).

**Full Moon Raves, San Francisco** For many years, the Full Moon Raves in San Francisco were so underground that even the DJs did not know where they would be happening until right before they started. Never at a lack of creativity, the Wicked posse responsible for Full Moons have taken their party to beaches along the ocean, landfills in the middle of urban areas, abandoned lighthouses, salt flats, and even stadium parking lots. With DJs Garth, Jenö, Markie, and Thomas spinning the wheels of steel, Full Moon will be always about slamming the funky rhythms straight up your spine. Memorable!

**Squeeze Box, New York City** Squeeze Box has been featuring sex, drag, and rock and roll for the past year with live bands, moshing, cruising, and more MTV VJs than you can shake your remote at. DJ Miss Guy plays punk, head-banger, and classic rock favorites as the crowd prowls about reliving their pasts or pretending they actually like all this noise. Perhaps they do, but there is a whole lot of pretending going on anyway. Despite this pretension, the place is a whole lot of fun with the proper frame of mid: three shots of Jack Daniel's and a beer chaser!! The most hilarious scenes are when drag queens actually sing classic rock covers performed by the house band. It's sick! All this rock decadence is fueled by the neo-glam rock scene revolving around Squeeze Box, which feed this club's celebrity hype. On any Friday night the new school like Green Day, Nancy Boy, and D Generation can be seen schmoozing and boozing with the old school like Stephen Sprouse, Debbie Harry, Billy Idol, and other old friends of Michael Schmidt. Don't forget to wear black!

**The Edge, Orlando** After years of underground raves, cutting edge concerts, and the best dance showcases in the country, The Edge is finally being recognized as the Mecca for ravers nationwide. In Europe, there was always a warm fantastic getaway from the urban decadence and decay like Ibiza for the house/techno heads and Goa for the acid/electro set. Now, America has its own Rave-iera, and it's not in Miami! Inconveniently located in downtown Orlando, The Edge is a short drive from moderately priced hotels (hey, a raver's budget doesn't stretch too far), restaurants, and Disney World, which is now a legendary ecstasy experience. Call in advance and get the program. Holiday weekenders are a must especially when your favorite celebrity DJ is playing after-hours on a moonlit beach! Call in sick on Tuesday because you'll be recovering all week with the most pleasurable hangover.

**Dragstrip 66, Los Angeles** This monthly drag theme party is ancient by L.A. standards (26 months). Yet Dragstrip, like L.A.'s social problems, keeps growing and growing. Old school, new school, and anyone who's clued-in comes here. Hostess Gina Lotrimin and DJ Codi Pendent set the tone and the door policy: Dress a mess and get in for less! Otherwise, you can pay \$15. Snap!!! The music ranges from 70s to 90s camp classics and cha-cha favorites. This eclectic scene is the hangout of choice for Andy Warhol/John Waters East Coast transplants like Holly Woodlawn, Minke Stole, and their respective entourages. Such counter-culture caché has garnered Dragstrip its share of celebrity hype, attracting "bigger" stars/fag-hags like Roseanne, who's taken up her share of dance floor space, and Karen Black, star of camp classics like *Airport* and *Trilogy of Terror* (a 70s ABC Movie of the Week gem). Tragi-comically, Ms. Black showed up for her own theme/tribute, the Karen Black

Valentine Ball, proving once again that drag queens often don't exaggerate the desperation of Hollywood's washed-up celebrities. But you can determine that for yourself every second Saturday of the month.

**Sound Factory, New York City** This venue began in the long forgotten decade - the 80s. Because of its age and popularity, Sound Factory was associated with the emergence of several trends: Vogueing, as portrayed in *Paris is Burning*; DJ Groupies, as portrayed by Madonna's frequent visits to Junior Vasquez's booth; all-night ecstasy binges in a booze-free environment; and DJs as divas with Junior's territoriality reaching new heights of drama. Of course, all great parties get busted. While we can't ignore the allegations about zoning laws and community board pressure (official reasons for its recent shut down), Project X has learned the truth from a subscriber who works in City Hall: Mounting concerns about increasing numbers of Bridge and Tunnel dorks hogging the club's dance floor and menacing the neighborhood prostitutes forced Mayor Giuliani's administration to close Sound Factory in order to keep the trash out! So pity a cleaner, more boring Manhattan, while Junior promises a grand re-opening sometime soon.

**Disco 2000, New York City** See Michael Alig's Club Rub in every issue of Project X.

Written by Julie Jewels,  
Kheim Truong, and Ernie Glam



## Delusions of Grandeur

Compilation  
Hardkiss Music

Well kids, it's finally here. We're glad you didn't hold your breath for it but we're equally glad to now have most of the highlights of Hardkiss history called together in one nice little CD package. It looks like the Hardkiss posse as we now know it will cease to exist soon (or maybe by the time you read this) for want of different exploratory paths so Delusions of Grandeur may be considered the wrap-up of the first chapter of the saga. Also, and maybe more importantly, this is the



first opportunity for non-vinyl heads to own these tunes without scrambling to buy loads of compilations that at best only have a few of these songs. Not only is this a semi-complete collection for the groupies, but in some cases, multiple mixes of tracks are included and even mixed together! That's all very well and good, Tamara, but how's the music? In sum: incredible at best and mediocre at worst. No turkeys by any means. Rabbit in the Moon's "Out of Body Experience" and God Within's "Raincry" are the stuff that epiphanies are made of, sheer brilliance of orchestration. The three incarnations of Hawke's "Nudes in a Purple Garden" still sound fresh and clean as a whistle. Sad to say it's the newer stuff that, while still containing some evocative or otherwise different sounds, seem to lack the completeness that these other tracks exude. "Conjure Bass Bass" has some cool dubby atmospheric shit going on, but it is grounded by an overly simplistic and annoying bassline. The lovely melody of "Mercy Mercy" doesn't carry it through in the absence of anything substantial to sink your teeth into. I'm reminded of when Coca-Cola changed their formula in the '80s. So many people liked the old version that they had to bring it back. If it ain't broke, don't fix it. Overall, Delusions of Grandeur comes recommended - after all, it's caffeine free and contains no artificial flavors or colors. (Tamara Palmer)

## CHILL-OUT

### Anubismatist

**Qb1**  
Hypnotic/Cleopatra

It's kind like a trip; a story that takes you on a journey through time and space. A multi-dimensional hallucination through the mind of an alien abductee. These two aural sculptors from Amsterdam give us 60 minutes of environmental ambiance that fluctuates between peaceful solitudes and beat driven symphonies all linked together to form a euphoric state of being. The use of synthesizers to create their own new sounds along with the natural sounds of water flowing and birds calling make you feel as if you have woken up all alone on the shores of a strange planet. This is the perfect CD to play when you are by yourself, looking to escape from this ordinary planet. If you are an Orb or Eat Static fanatic, than this disc should definitely help you continue on with your excursion into the ambient. A must for the mushroom people. (Brian Emrich)

**Qb1**

**Orbus Terrarum**  
**The Orb**  
Island Records

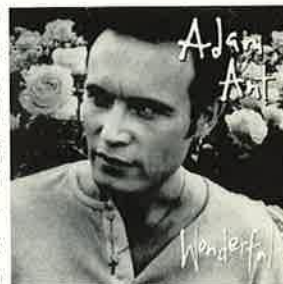
If you'd rather miss the dance floor action and hang out in the ambient room - this is for you. If you prefer hanging out in your friend's dingy apartment smoking spliffs until your eyes pop out of your head - this is for you. In other words, this album is for shrooming ravers and The Orb purists. Orbus Terrarum offers no frills and no nonsense. This multi dimensional soundscape ranges from the signature soothing ambient tracks like "Valley" and "Plateau" that are worthy of top notch leisure bar enthusiast, to frenzied hardcore thrash noise tracks like "Montagne D'Or". The album also contains some classically orchestrated piano tracks, a pretentious trend among the "intelligent techno" producer scene. Other tracks are just magnificent - dreamy and weird - exactly what you've come to expect from Dr. Alex Paterson's wicked marijuana-marinated mind. The

album is filled with mellow, never-ending tracks (12 min average) of experimental soundscapes with a few strange bleep and drops thrown in for a good measure. So sit back, chill, take a hit of Orbus Terrarum and enjoy. (Julie Jewels)

## THE ALTERNATIVE

**Wonderful**  
**Adam Ant**  
Capitol

The 90s seem to be the decade of cover tribute and comeback albums and the decade where 70s punks seem to be resurging on valium! Well, now we seem to have one from Adam Ant, Wonderful. Is it you ask? Well it seems like this album has been packaged with everything that would make it appealing, production by Bob Clearmountain (Duran Duran, U2), photos by Anton Corbin and a bio from John Savage. A long way from Adam and the Ants, Wonderful is Adam's latest beacon. Enveloped by his past present and future, this ex-punk rocker was around in early the days of the punk movement (unlike some of the crap we hear today) and Wonderful is full of inflections of the first rock'n'roll. It's loaded with tolling guitars and intense melodies that when pulled together, "...make you want to rock, make you want to listen, make you want to have sex;" which in itself is a pretty Wonderful thing. (Brain)



## GROOVY BEATS

**Art of the State**  
**Pressure of Speech**  
North South

When Pressure of Speech aren't making music they double as sound engineers for bands like Orbital when they go out on the road. So naturally, their own music pays scrupulous attention to the fine tuning of sound. This includes the implementation of sounds that quite frankly I'm not sure existed before this. Much more for the armchair than the dancefloor, this is electronic listening music for the most part, though the singles include mixes with a clear club oriented direction. The beats are strong and quite often militaristic, setting a forceful foundation for an overlay of assorted

experimentation. For example, check the assertiveness of "A Morphic" or "Paralaxx" against the more gentle-natured "Reverberations" or "X-On," which build on weird deconstructions of human voices. Try this for an adventure in new directions. (Tamara Palmer)

**Inferno**  
**Alien Sex Fiend**  
Cleopatra Records

Once in a while you come across a new release by a band that has a huge following, has been around for a long time, and has released lots of records, yet you don't know anything about them. Alien Sex Fiend is this kind of band, maintaining a loyal underground cult following while having released 11 albums over the past decade. Their latest release, Inferno, is a milestone for this prolific band in that the CD is a soundtrack for a video game. The game, which was not sent for review, is said to feature desolate space wrecks and hordes of psychotic alien warriors who are attempting to dominate the galaxy. Since Alien Sex Fiend has been writing songs about this kind of stuff since the early 80's, they were commissioned to make a soundtrack and the results are enjoyable, though slightly disappointing. The real surprise lies in A.S.F.'s creation of an entirely instrumental album. As a soundtrack, the songs are far superior to the usually terrible Casio melodies that accompany most video games. However, as music, most of the songs failed to engage me after listening to them the first time, and I've been an A.S.F. fan since the beginning. I felt the absence of Nik Fiend's anarchic and ghoulish vocals turned the album into rather generic gothic-trance. But after playing it again, I began to appreciate the new direction that A.S.F. had taken. Instead of their standard delightfully oppressive fare, they have created a kind of Alien Sex Fiend "Lite". (Ernie Glam)



## LAND OF COMPILATIONS

**Fluid - Best Of Techno Volume 5**  
Compilation

**Sm:)e**  
Tribal - Best Of House Volume 6  
Compilation  
Sm:)e



The trouble with compilation CDs is that they usually don't really reflect what you just heard last night when you went out or even what you heard six months ago. Often you might think "that's a nice tune" or whatever as you hear these things, but what you want from a compilation CD is really (or is it just me?) to get that glow of remembrance of good times you had out dancing. And even better, to say "oh, that's what that record is" without having to have been a trainspotter nerd and gone and asked the DJ. What you need for this is a compilation that's been put together in the place you live and these two are just the New York-centric ticket.



**traci lords**  
**TOUFIRES**



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## Music Reviews

Fluid concentrates on the techno trance tip and covers a bunch of stuff that you'll know if you haven't been living in a cave for the last six months from Marmion's "Schoneberg", Union Jack's "Two Full Moons and a Trout" to "Camargue" from CJ Bolland. Sm:)e have resisted the temptation to flood it with their own artists, sneaking on only Air Liquide's "Robot Wars" and the nouveau-Bronski-Beat of Nikolai's "Are You Ready To Flow?". This is one that's been glued into the CD player in the office of late and I haven't tired of it yet.

Tribal, as the name implies, covers the housey end of the spectrum and thus you'll find such familiar friends as "Dream Drums" and "Voices". This one hasn't seen quite as much in-office play as Fluid, but only because it might drive one to bust out a few moves in the office to the possible fear of the cleaner. Anyway, if you're looking for compilations that bring back memories of what

you've been hearing when you've been out, these are the ones. But they could have found room for "Don't Laugh" somewhere. (John Speakman)

### United Nations of House Compilation ffrr/London Records

For the dance party in your home....United Nations of House has got it all. Armand Van Helden and his infamous "Witch Doctor" guise, minimal, sparse and heavy. The hard to ignore, dead cheesiness of Reel to Reel featuring The Mad Stuntman's "I Like To Move It" and Tinman's dubious "Eighteen Strings". Now add to this line up such gems as Orbital's surreal and sublime "Are We Here" in its sumptuous Oral Mix and the gifted grooves of Joe Roberts classic "Lover" remixed here by the U.K.'s K-Klass and you have a compilation that makes most tunes hard to

ignore. Other artists featured include DJ Duke, Dave Clark, The Good Men and Danny D's ongoing D-Mob project. The only minor problem here lies with the continuous beat mixing of one Roger S. who put a lot more effort into his pocket than time on his job. (Donna Snell)

### Trance Ambient Compilation Vox Lumania

The first time I played this CD was to a bunch of sleepy and weary people the afternoon after the big Fantasia party in Brooklyn. We were drinking tea and staring into space and being generally unmotivated at the start - by the end we were alert and keen to get moving and go out; some of us were actually busting out a few tentative moves on the floor, without having quite consciously noticed that it had this effect. Most of the names here are relatively unknown (to me), plus the rather typical astral pyramids'n planets cover art, points towards the stuff originating in the greater Los Angeles area; this



doesn't however detract from the music. It kicks off with an ambient-dub-cum-trip-hop "Bruthas" from Native Budz and wends its way through a bunch of similar sounding stuff. Very pleasant, but not what you'd call special, when suddenly, unexpectedly, it shifts it up a gear on the sixth track, Crystalsphere's "Future Vision", then winds it up to superlative trance on the ninth track, the very wonderful flowing "Digitalia" by Lab Rat, then eventually drops you back down a gear on the last track for landing. Better than ephedrine for perking you up, had it been recorded in the mix it would have been perfect. Despite this, it's a very coherent whole, the ideal chillout room music for rounding up weary souls and sending them back out dancing with a smile on their faces. (John Speakman)

### Rising High Futurescape Compilation Instinct

Fresh from their success at reissuing the cream of Fax records (and not sending me any copies, as usual, ahem), Instinct has released a daunting double CD of the best of Britain's superlative Rising High label. Some lovely ambient-through-trance stuff on here from some big names; New London School of Electronics, Irresistible Force aka Mr. Stinky Silver Suit Morris himself, Paragliders, Sharktrax (the opening song "Shark I" is ambient bliss personified), Friends, Lovers and Family - the list goes on. The problem is that it just doesn't gel together. Compared to the Vox Lumania Trance Ambient, reviewed elsewhere in this issue by me, the music is probably of a higher quality, but because it doesn't seem to have been assembled with the same loving care it may be destined to remain one of those CDs that one speaks highly of and recommends to other people but doesn't actually listen to very much. (John Speakman)

### Dig It International LTD USA House compilation Dig It International

This is the first compilation for the Italian based distribution company who not only have made camp in New York, but are now also a record label. The album gives a strong indication of the type artists that will be featured on this up-and-coming power house. Included and well worth mentioning is the Junior Vasquez mix of Thelma Houston's cover of the old Harold Melvin tune "Don't Leave Me This Way" in pure Junior style, big on dancefloors globally. Ex-U.K., now New York resident Wildchild hits home in a 1995 style with his treatment of Peter Dinklage's classic "Black Man & Black Man". Other tracks worth checking out are "Chicken or the Egg" by George Llane and "There's Only One Thing" from Laura O, both house tunes destined for the underground clubs near you. The compilation brings together a selection of new and upcoming writers, producers and artists from the U.S. and Italian dance music scene. One for the global posse without a doubt. (Donna Snell)



before



after



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## Music Reviews

### HIP HOP HOORAY

**Tical**  
**Method Man**  
Def Jam Recordings

Wu-Tang Clan's debut single, "Protect Ya Neck" was a freestyle free-for-all that went unnoticed. The single was either wack or too underground, but the B-side "Method Man", soaking with pop appeal blew up in minutes and paved the way for Meth's eventual solo album if not career. If you were expecting another "36 Chambers" you'll be disappointed, the beats are more abstract courtesy of the albums producer and fellow Clan member, Prince Rakeem (the RZA). It comes as no surprise that other member of WU make appearances as well. Meth vs. Chef is a classic rap battle showdown between Method Man and RaeKwon the Chef. Mr. Sandman featuring the RZA and the unsigned Inspector Deck intros with sounds of killer bees attacking a man while he screams in agony. The song is similar to "Tearz" on Wu-Tang's album. Tical even has a little dancehall flavor courtesy of a ragga MC named Booster on "Bring the Pain", and a remix of "Method Man" (the song, not the artist). Overall I thought the freshman effort was good but not slammin. Somehow Meth doesn't sound right without the rest of the Clan supporting him. Not a classic but definitely worth buying to faten your personal collection. (James Lee)



**Dah Shinin'**  
**Smif-N-Wessun**  
Nervous/Wreck Records

Ever since "Bucktown" was released last year, I've been waiting (rather impatiently) for Smif-N-Wessun to drop their debut album. Unfortunately Christmas came a couple of months late, but it was well worth the wait. There is only one word to describe this album, REAL. Dah Shinin' has the Black Moon-esque slow, moody bass lines and the heavy beats to spark your El's and roll in your Jeeps, Benzs, or Pintos by. The Black Moon/Smif/Bootcamp Clik sound is slowly becoming the signature sound of Brooklyn, if not New York. Dah Shinin' comes at you sometimes melodic, sometimes rugged, sometimes both. Smif-N-Wessun is not another Black Moon, but they are on the same level. Smif has a different lyrical flow that mixes creative and hard lyrics with a little ragga flavor. Nervous/Wreck continues to bring quality hip hop for real heads to listen to. Don't sleep on this album, you won't be disappointed unless of course you're into Hammer. All heads re-a-lize, Smif-N-Wessun, on the rise, recognize. And remember, it might blow up, but it won't go pop. (James Lee)



## Tasty 12"

by Afshin & David Waxman

**Can We Live?**  
**Jestofunk**  
Deconstruction

-Do not stop at "Go", head directly to the Roach Motel mix on the B-side. Great construction (no pun intended) and build after the vocal break down.

**The Wanderer**  
**Romeanthony**  
Prescription

-Wander-no-more my child, the "Journey Man Thump" mix is it, but find the original version of this song for the best results.

**Another Star**  
**Kathy Sledge**  
NRC

-The green or the brown 12 inch cover will do nicely, you can't lose either way. The vocal track of the minute so get on it.

**El Ritmo (Da Groove) Remixes**  
**Urban Tribe**  
Emotive Records

-"Factory Mix" in many ways, to bad we won't get to hear it there. Well worth the domestic dollars and than some.

**Reap**  
**Junior Vasquez**  
Tribal America

-The only thing we "Reap" is to hear Junior DJ again. However, his music making is still available and worlds above this earth just like this little gem of a song.

**Funky Piano**  
**(Double vinyl)**  
Limited Records

-Hot piano riffs, 70's funk groove and a "Jingo" vibe to top it off. First came "G.O.D." literally and now this one, who's behind this funk-ing label anyway? Stay tuned for part three of this saga!

**I Could Be This**  
**Androgeny featuring Michael M**  
Strictly Rhythm

-Bitch track. Remember "Elevator Up and Down"? Well, this is the confused transvestite version. "I could be a he, I could be a she, I could be anything."

**I'm Ready**  
**Size 9**  
Virgin Underground

-Josh Wink is without a doubt "thee" hot producer of the minute. He gives you everything on this baby including an absolutely amazing build-up.



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## DJ Lists

### Chris Harshman, NY

Escrima "Train of Thought"  
— *ffrr*  
Fantasy "Groove Lector"  
— *Metropole*  
Perfecto All Stars "Reach Up"  
— *Perfecto*  
Karma "Age of Darkness"  
— *White*  
Virtue "Feeling Good"  
— *Wired*  
Jon Pleased Wimmin "Passion"  
— *Perfecto*  
Laura O. "There's Only One Thing"  
— *Dig it*  
Marco Polo "Prayer to the Music"  
— *Logic*  
Two Amigos "Everybody"  
— *Footwork*  
Humate "3"  
— *Superstition*

### Josh Wink

Ian Pooley "Twin Gods Vol. 2"  
— *Force Inc.*  
Firefly "Supernatural"  
— *Ovum Records*  
Wink "higher Consciousness"  
— *Strictly Rhythm*  
Paperclip People "Clear 4 Present"  
— *Ministry of Sound*  
Jack Tronic "Windy City"  
— *Peacefrog*  
Johnny Fiasco "Conduction"  
— *Cajaul*  
Size 9 "I'm Ready"  
— *Virgin Underground*  
Wink "Lumpy Oatmeal"  
— *Sorted*  
Steve Bug "Bugwan 1200"  
— *Superstition*  
New Jack Schat "Side A"  
— *White label*

### T-Ray, NY

Smif-n-Wesson "Sound Bwoy"  
— *Wreck/Nervous*  
Undacoua "Love Slave"  
— *Tommy Boy*  
Artifacts "Dynamite Soul"  
— *Big Beat*  
Kool G Rap "Mo Murder"  
— *Epic*  
Mobb Deep "Shook Ones Part II"  
— *Loud Records*  
Group Home "Supa Star"  
— *Pay Day*  
Channel Live "Mad Izm"  
— *Capital*  
Redman "Can't Wait"  
— *Ral*  
Ol' Dirty Bastard "Brooklyn Zoo"  
— *Elektra*  
Blak Panta "Do What Ya Want"  
— *Tommy Boy*

### Taylor, LA

Jestofunk "Can We Live?"  
— *Deconstruction*  
Jones & Stephenson "1st Rebirth"  
— *Moonshine*  
Atom "Plus 1"  
— *Tribal*  
Union Jack "Cactus"  
— *Platipus*  
Paz Pooba Deuce "Call It Love"  
— *White*  
Leftfield "Leftism"  
— *Hard Hands*  
Dirtbox "The Reason"  
— *Bosting*  
The Secret "Gorgeous"  
— *Logic*  
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Some people get up at five in morning to go to Church, we get up to revive our soul on the dance floor.  
-Lady Kier Kirby



The label put me together with these really horrible producers and made me sing shit love songs. I used to come home from recording in tears."-Milla

I shop at Armani and Barney's. When it comes to beauty products, I use Clinique scrub and Marcella Borghese mud mask once a week."-Frankie Knuckles

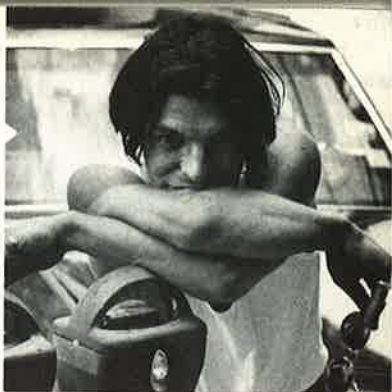
I have one large, white cat named Mr. Steve and he's a Persian. He's the most important man in my life - he never leaves me and I always make him purr.-Traci Lords

I'm not particularly tall, or particularly good looking, or fashionable, or dance well, or do drugs, so it's hard for me to meet people the traditional ways. -Moby

Phat Farm (clothing), this shit ain't for ravers. I take that back, anybody that wants can wear it. It will have upscale marketing like Tommy Hilfinger or Hilfiger, whatever the fuck his name is. -Russell Simmons.

What's with this East Coast phenomenon of 2,000 people sitting down on the dance floor with blankets? I'm playing LIVE, what the fuck? I've been asked to come back, but I don't know if I want to play there again.-Richie Hawtin

Everyone thought we were such a collective-me, Sven Vath, Mark Spoon- but in reality, that was lie. Everyone was pretending it was a (German techno) movement and everyone had their own interest. But we still posed for photographs together.-Cosmic Baby



My main goal in life is to help India become one of the biggest stars in the industry, I know what kind of talent India has.-Little Louie Vega

If anybody ever said anything bad about Louie (Vega), they'd have to deal with me. -India

Jackie Chan would say 'Woman shouldn't do things like this, they should be pretty and feminine and leave the fighting to the men'. Then he'd pause and say, 'Except for Michelle, of course.' because he'd know I'd kick his butt."-Michelle Yeoh

All that plucking, waxing, razoring, kinking, dyeing, curling, straightening. I love being a woman.-Kylie Minogue

If you can't express yourself, sooner or later, you'll hit a brick wall and explode. I see people exploding all the time."-Clive Barker

I would sign with anybody, I'm a label whore.  
-DJ Armand Van Helden

As Project X continues to bring you the best of what's ahead, I ask you this, wouldn't we be better if we had that wonderful Chocolate Mint flavor?-DJ Keoki





**R** and  
**S** is for...

# raving space cadets

Photography and Imaging by **Todd Bates**

Styling by **Angela Hall** (Blue Funk)

and **Mike Lee** (Irene Marie Mgmt.)

Hair and Make up: **Twirl**, Ybor City

and **Salvatore Christian**, Tampa.

Models: **Bunny**, **Confucius** (AKA Dave Christophere),

**DJ Monk** (AKA Steve McLure of Rabbit in the Moon/Halluci-Nation  
Records), **Kristin** (Irene Marie Mgmt.), **Rachel** and **April**.

All clothing available at **Blue Funk**, Ybor City, FL

(813) 247-3865 or contact **Todd** (813) 835-0522

**DJ Monk** is wearing a  
reflector jacket by **Bill Hallman**,  
sunglasses by **Sting**.



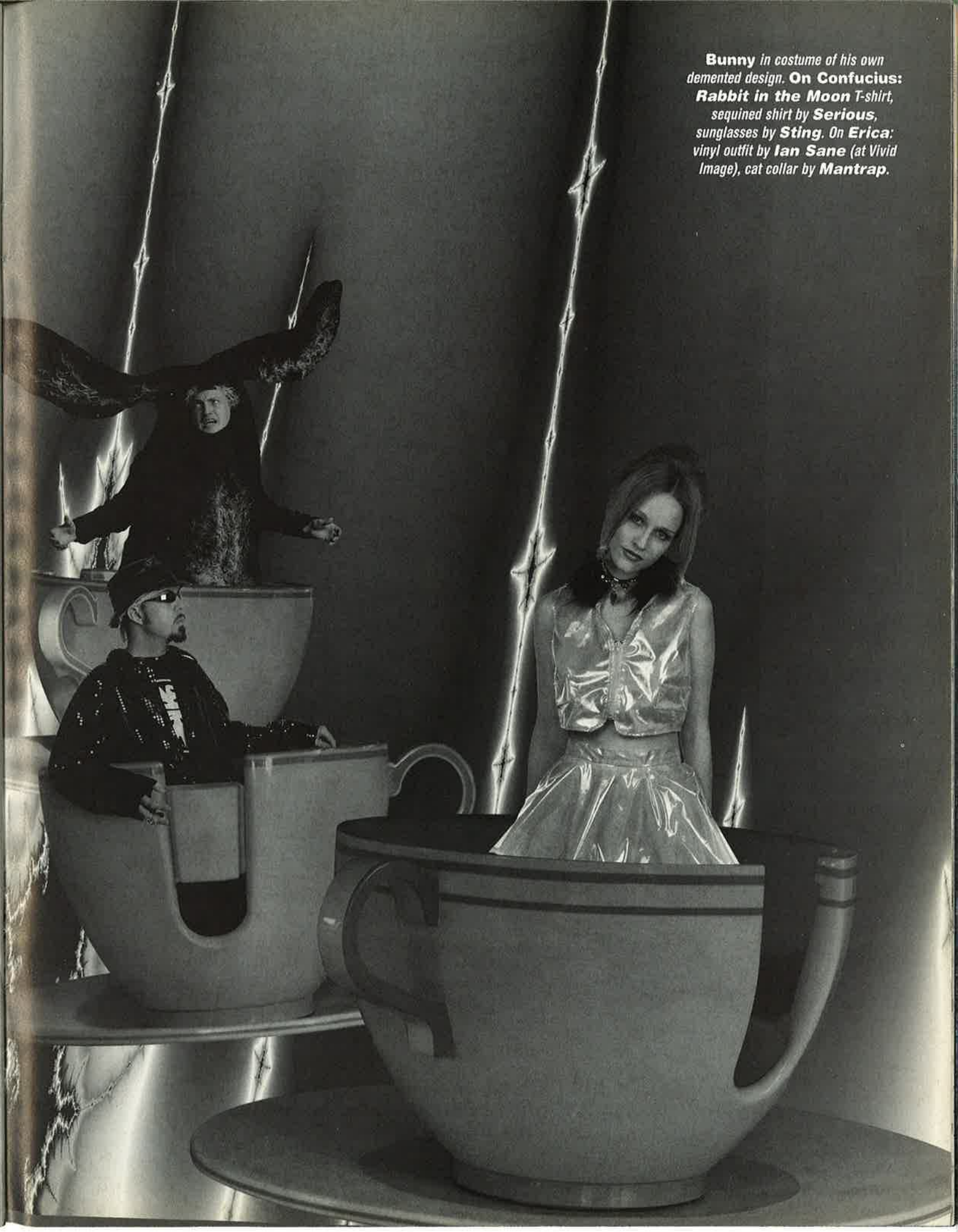
**Bunny** is wearing a suit of his own design.







On April: Cupcake Tee by **Billion \$ Babies**, rubber skirt by **Tripp**.  
On Erica: Teddy bear crop by **Meet Me in Miami**, satin jeans by **Ton**. Lambchop backpack and rhinestone choker by **Blue Funk**.



**Bunny** in costume of his own demented design. On **Confucius**: **Rabbit in the Moon** T-shirt, sequined shirt by **Serious**, sunglasses by **Sting**. On **Erica**: vinyl outfit by **Ian Sane** (at Vivid Image), cat collar by **Mantrap**.





On Rachel: Vinyl and silver tee by Mondorama, vinyl skirt by Kanae & Onyx, collar by Maja.  
On Kristin: vinyl bikini top by Love NYC, vinyl "Honeyrider" pants by Mantrap, vinyl trucker belt by Chapter 13, collar by Maja, Disco ball necklace by Blue Funk.



From UK's Pose



From Brand



From Fine



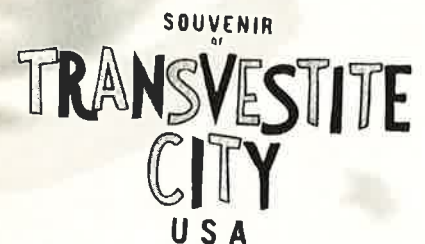
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From the France's Crazy Baby

girls kick ass!  
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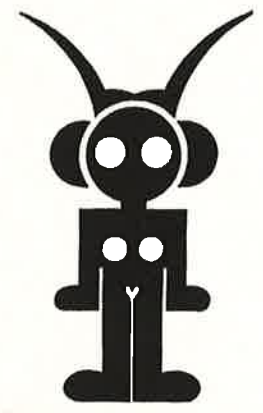
From Sensuous Circus



From Fine



From Blunt



The globally recognizable  
Liquid Sky space girl



Party Girl from Raven designs



From Fine



Project X fashion award  
recipient Anarchic Adjustment



From Betty



PC Media's karate logos are the shit!



After traveling the world's fashion capitals via Concord, shmoozing with the couturiers at their plush villas on Lake Como and chateaux in the outskirts of Paris, spending endless evenings at cocktail parties with Linda and Shalom, the interns of Project X finally con-

cluded that the fashion item of the decade is the tee shirt. Easily worn with well cut Jean Colona suits or Galliano taffeta floor length skirts, the tee shirt transcends all seasonal trends and makes the ultimate statement.

Here are some of our favorite statements:



**U** is for...

**pro\*mo\*ter** (pre'-mo'ter) 1. One that promotes, especially an active supporter or advocate. 2. A financial and publicity organizer, as of a boxing match or an artistic performance.  
- from *The American Heritage Dictionary*

**pro\*mo\*ter** (pre'-mo'ter) 1. One that promotes for personal gain, usually known for being unorganized, self serving, and on drugs. 2. Also see (a) Fuck Up (adj. or noun)  
- from *The Project X Dictionary of Cool*

For the longest time I've associated promoters with a number of things that were laying around my apartment like *Corn Flakes* brand cereal, *Head and Shoulders* dandruff shampoo, and *Lubriderm* lotion for dry, itchy, flaky skin. When I think of a party promoter, an image of a sleazy, tweaking low life comes to mind. Let's face it, how many scenes and parties have been ruined by some promoter who ran off with all the money from the ticket sales prior to the event (see: L.A.) or ran off with all the money before paying the DJs (see: N.Y.) Not that all promoters are flakes and fuck-ups, but lets face it, most of them are and they ruin it for the rest of us. Promoters are like diet pills and Rogaine, there's a 99% failure rate.

With that in mind, our research department (we, at **Project X**, are all survey freaks) compiled an in-depth study to help prove my point. Just check out the latest "Promoter Facts" and keep in mind that everything written here is an indisputable fact, so don't even try it, bitch.

99.1% are only out to make money  
84.7% over promote and over hype a mediocre event  
75.8% call the cops and fire department to shut down their own event so they don't have to pay the talent and help.  
79.9% call the cops and the fire department to shut down their competitors events.  
99% smoke big, fat, hairy spliffs all day and forget where the party is and sleep through it.

But this story is not about the bad promoters (although that could stir up quite a controversy). I'm writing about the tiny 1% that break the typical mold, about the visionaries who put in the hard work and dedication it takes to create a scene and keep it going. Here are the few, the proud, the East Coast promoters that deliver the goods and stay true to their scene.



**Matt E. Silver, NYC** (above and left)

He was the only promoter I've talked to who admitted to have been threatened to be killed, shot, and have certain legs broken. But that was a long time ago, when Matt E. Silver was a flake and all humans make mistakes. Today, Matt E. Silver is 100% business and his team is the creative force behind New York City's best events. He is the most successful promoter in New York City, and that's saying a lot considering there are as many promoters in New York as there are roaches living in my apartment.

Matt E. Silver started promoting in Europe for acid warehouse parties, and that led to promoting and producing DJ tours in US, where he took promoting to a whole new plateau through his Silver Entertainment Group. Last year, the company produced massive underground tours for such acts as the Orb and Orbital, and Deee-Lite's national "Rise-Up" tour. Oh yeah, he also did a little thing last summer called Ravestock, maybe you've heard of it, you know the one 40,000 people attended.

Matt E. Silver, who is also a music industry big wig as the executive producer of Fierce Ruling Diva on Astralwerks label, is adding new events to his long list of accomplishments. Planned for this year are an Adidas sponsored mega US DJ tour, a "Sonrisa Rave" in South America, and of course some kicking events here in NYC. The worst part about promoting? "The politics," said Silver. "Too many stupid people in this business."

**Micro, Long Island** (pic by Richard Rey far right)

Micro. Is he a DJ or a promoter? A promoter or a producer? A producer or a DJ? Who cares! Micro is the leader of Strong Island's massive rave scene. His regular gig at Caffeine (831 Grand Boulevard, Long Island, NY) averages 800 to 1,400 dedicated little shrooming

Bass & Co.

ravers weekly and plays host to the world's leading DJ talent like Laurent Garnier, Sven Vath, and Paul Van Dyk. But it's not the international glitteratti that make his club what it is, but the local crew of talent like James Christian, That Kid Chris, and Onionz. But why is Long Island still overshadowed by Manhattan? "Long Island was first in raves before Manhattan," Micro said. "The scene here was always underground and about the music where Manhattan was about club kids and mega clubs." Caffeine turns three years old in March, compare that to an average life span of a Manhattan club! And ever since NASA closed in the city, Caffeine has been the home for even more tweaking East Coast ravers. Meanwhile, Micro is keeping a high local profile as a signed act to Sorted Records called "Progression" with his partner Vic.

DJ or promoter? Promoter or producer?  
Producer or DJ? He's all that.

#### The Ultraworld posse, Baltimore

Lonnie Fischer, the leader of the Ultraworld crew has been known for finding the most unique locations to house their events. The Ultraworld crew, which consists of DJ Sun, Seth, and Lonnie, have thrown parties in such odd places as a boat for "Rave the Bay" which featured a spectacular light show above the lake, or at a weekend campground for "Moonrise Gathering" that turned tennis courts into an ambient/chill-out lounge with the help of a 15,000 sq. ft and 40 ft high tent. Ultraworld already have 16 parties under their belts since starting out just three years ago, which proves that they deliver the goodies. In addition to fabulous weekenders, Ultraworld always added a creative twist to their events and always supported the East Coast scene by presenting local DJ talent like Diesel Boy, Keoki, Tiga, and Osheen.

What's the secret to Lonnie's success? Friends in high places. Undercover narcotics officers and even the mayor of Baltimore have both spoken favorably of Ultraword's parties as events that "stimulate the youth culture". Ultraworld actually dissuades parties from using NO<sub>2</sub>, comparing it to "crack of the rave scene" according to Lonnie, and present other socially redeeming things like registering ravers, of all people, to vote and donating the proceeds from Rave the Bay to the charitable organization Save the Bay. Finally, a promoter with a conscience!

#### Stace Bass and Kimball Collins, Orlando

When I think of Orlando, I think of the "Happiest Place on Earth" a city full of tourists from hell and former Super Bowl champions all hanging out at the Magic Kingdom together, not a hot spot for clubbers and ravers. It's people like Stace Bass and DJ Kimball Collins that prove people like me wrong. Stace Bass is the promoter (promotress is the politically correct term) who actually pulled off parties at both Disney World ("Schiekout!" at MGM Studios with Ultramarine, Stereo MCs, Moby and Dubtribe) and at a conservative Disney-owned night club called Firestone at Pleasure Island ("Magic" with Sasha and Cosmic Baby). The two have been promoting for eight years now, and they definitely learned what it takes to draw in 2,000 to 3,000 people for slammin' parties under the Florida stars.

Stace and Kimball currently reside at the Beecham Theater where they are known for throwing the now infamous afterhours parties like UK's Renaissance Reunion, and Aaahz. Stace must be doing something right if she can create a successful scene in Orlando where the Third Reich-esque Disney corporation rules the land. Her formula is simple "... any old space, a great sound system and lighting, and the rest is the vibe of the local scene reacting to the upfront sounds of our DJs."

Well, that's all kids, I hope it was fun, if it wasn't call me and give me your comments at 1. 800. EAT. SHIT. That's all (s)he wrote.

by James Lee

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**East Coast  
STYLE**

Strong Island's Micro



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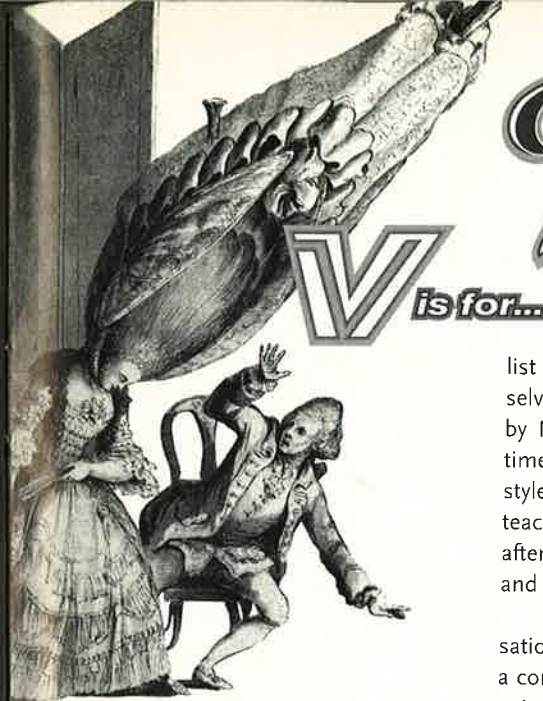
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*The opulence of the French court.*



*Marie Antoinette's extravagant hairstyles were created by the great Leonard Autier, the Frederick Fekkai of the era.*



*Permanent waves old school style, 1935 to be exact.*

# Vanity

History may not rank high on anyone's list of favorite subjects, but if teachers would arm themselves with **Daring Do's - A History of Extraordinary Hair** by Mary Trasko, we'd all be lifestyle historians in no time. The book is a gold mine of ancient gossip, hair styles, decadence, and eccentricity. "Why don't they teach this stuff?" you'll wonder as you leaf through page after page of perverse behavior in the name of beauty and fashion through the ages.

The book is crammed with cocktail-hour conversation material. In ancient Egypt, socialites would wear a cone glued to their heads that consisted of perfumed animal fat. These cones would slowly melt, covering the head and shoulders with a fragrant stream of grease. (Scented Crisco, anyone?) In the Roman era, fashion divas had their marble busts made with removable wigs that could be changed so that their portraits would never be out of fashion. (How's that for planning ahead?) While in the Medieval period, women shaved their hairline back several inches and plucked their eyebrows to emphasize the allure of a high, expansive forehead. (Receding hairlines on women were considered sexy!)

The high point of the book is the chapter on the 17th and 18th centuries. Never were more preposterous hairstyles accepted as the fashionable norm. Foundations and padding elevated hair to absurd altitudes—three feet or higher with plumes. The author describes near-fatal accidents involving female and male fashion victims with their hair aflame, knocking wigs off each other's heads or being doused with wine at dinner parties. All this zaniness was made possible by lard-based pomade, permitting more elaborate styles. This era was responsible for the emergence of modern hairdressers, in all their idiosyncratic, gossipy, and trend-setting brilliance.

This was a golden age for wigs and they are hilariously illustrated in all their splendor. As testimony to the French court's excess, 40 full-time wigmakers were in residence at Versailles. On any given day, hundreds of wigs were dressed with pomade, curled around hot irons, baked in ovens to heat-seal the style, and finally powdered. Naturally, 18th century French extravagance can't be discussed without mentioning Marie Antoinette, whose determined efforts to be the trendiest woman in Europe are lovingly chronicled.

The book's final chapter covers the 80's and 90's and pays tribute to several night life personalities and their fierce looks, including Suzanne Bartsch, Billy Beyond, and RuPaul. This book is fabulous. Buy it!!



*The bouffant belles carried their hair spray everywhere, including the gym class.*



*A gravity defying do of 1966.*



*Mac Covergirl Ru Paul continues the tradition in 1995 with curls created by Mazhu & Zaldy.*



# W is for... west coast WAKE

by Jared Paul Stern



Fantasy Island is hitting the theatre near you. Ouch!

Laverne & Shirley are back too. Isn't Penny Marshall busy enough?

Given the recent spate of mind-blowingly moronic movies issuing forth from la-la land, can anyone seriously doubt that Hollywood has finally gone over the edge? The signs of the apocalypse are numerous: the biggest blockbusters of the year have been either movies like *Forrest Gump* or *Jand Nell*, which glorify cretin culture fist class style (as opposed to Dumb and Dumber which travel coach) or movies based on TBS afternoon sitcoms. The golden state's wonderful climate has finally been exposed as a giant publicity stunt - oh, California still has four seasons: Fire, Riot, Flood and Earthquake.

No wonder all movie moguls worth their weight in Emporio Armani are fleeing like lemmings for the relatively safe haven of New York. Diminutive billionaire David Geffen, partners with Steven Spielberg and former Disney exec. Jeff "Sparky" Katzenberg in the new DreamWorks SKG superstudio, is renovating a pair of adjoining townhouses on East 64th St. in preparation for a permanent move (he already owns houses in Fire Island), and Spielberg already owns a house in the Hamptons. Word is that DreamWorks SKG is thinking about opening a \$500 million studio in Long Island on the site of an aircraft hangar. The latest big-wig to announce an East Coast transplant is Peter Guber, former head of Sony Pictures. The Gubers recently moved from their Beverly Hills mansion to the entire ninth floor of a building on Central Park West. Hollywood on the Hudson! Copyright that quick!

If all this goes down, you can expect that a lot of movie stars, screenwriters and sundry other celluloid seekers will follow the heavy hitters' invasion of the Big Apple. Let's hope they leave their California cultcha' behind. But if they don't, I highly doubt that it would be enough to counteract the effects of the idiocy parading through our movie theatres, masquerading as art and entertainment.

The following is a list of other asinine pictures currently in development at some of the major studios, most of which are based on cartoons and TV shows that never should have seen the light of day to begin with. As you will see, creativity is at an all-time low out there. The studios feel that it just isn't good for business. In the battle between art and commerce in Tinsel Town, commerce has the home court advantage. Why deal with intelligent writers and their annoying ideas when you can just remake the Brady Bunch? Or why not use something by a dead writer, who's not going to complain when their life's work is turned into a Pauly Shore vehicle? Artists and writers will soon be declared an endangered species in California; movie moguls will hunt them for sport, using the *Village Voice* as bait. When one pops up, they'll run over him with a Range Rover. No actresses will be cast unless they never finished high school, and even then not until they've been on the cover of *Cosmo* at least three times and married a rock star. To make things interesting, I've thrown in a couple of fakes below; see if you can spot them - I guarantee it won't be easy.

1. **CASPER** The milquetoast ghost comes to the big screen in a Roger Rabbit-like mélange of live action and computer animation. Homosexual overtones.

CAST: Christina Ricci, Eric Idle  
DIRECTOR: Brad Silberling  
DISTRIBUTOR: Universal

2. **FAIR GAME** In a real stretch, Cindy Crawford plays an outspoken lawyer who becomes a hit-man's target. Now she doesn't even have Richard to teach her how to act.

CAST: Cindy, William Baldwin  
DIRECTOR: Andrew Sipes  
DISTRIBUTOR: Warner Bros.

3. **THE FANTASTIC FOUR** The Thing, Mr. Fantastic and the other two save the world or some shit in another big-budget, big-screen comic book flick - yawn.

CAST: T.B.A.  
DIRECTOR: Chris Columbus  
DISTRIBUTOR: 20th Century Fox

4. **FANTASY ISLAND** Mr. Rourke, Tatoo and the rest of the staff help patch things up between a supermodel and her estranged actor husband in this version of the tropical TV show. Make that a double piña colada.

CAST: George Hamilton, Danny DeVito, Elle McPherson, Charlie Sheen  
DIRECTOR: Robert Zemeckis  
DISTRIBUTOR: Castle Rock

5. **GIGANTOR** Another cartoon caper, the adventures of a young boy and his 50-foot, peace-loving robot, based on the 1960's Japanese fave. They drop E and go to a couple of raves.

CAST: T.B.A.  
DIRECTOR: T.B.A.  
DISTRIBUTOR: 20th Century Fox

6. **THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME** A physically and mentally challenged man spends way too much time in a belfry; Depardieu's form of method acting involves near-heroic drinking.

CAST: Gerard Depardieu  
DIRECTOR: T.B.A.  
DISTRIBUTOR: Touchstone

7. **JOHNNY MNEMONIC** A.K.A. Johnny Moronic: a messenger has 24 hrs. to download information stored on a microchip in his brain before thugs do us all a favor and whack him. You're no Hamlet, dude.

CAST: Keanu Reeves, Dolph Lundgren, Ice-T and Henry Rollins  
DIRECTOR: Robert Longo  
DISTRIBUTOR: TriStar

8. **JUDGE DREDD** Based on the British comic about a post-apocalyptic magistrate on a kill-crazy rampage. Newt Gingrich's favorite flick of the year.

CAST: Sylvester Stallone, Armand Assante, Diane Lane, Rob Schneider, Joan Chen, Max von Sydow and Henry Rollins  
DIRECTOR: Danny Gannon  
DISTRIBUTOR: Warner Bros.

9. **LAVERNE & SHIRLEY - THE MOVIE**

The fun-loving New Yorkers have a chance encounter with a billionaire media mogul who hires them to run his highly profitable fashion mag in the movie version of the TV series. Shlemiel, schlemozel, Condé Nast Incorporated!

CAST: Goldie Hawn, Jamie-Lee Curtis, Allan Richman, Pierce Brosnan  
DIRECTOR: Penny Marshall  
DISTRIBUTOR: Paramount

10. **MOSQUITO** The guy from Texas Chainsaw Massacre mixes it up with an army of giant, man-eating mosquitoes. "The last mosquito that bit me had to check into the Betty Ford Clinic" - Patsy, Ab Fab.

CAST: Gunnar Hansen  
DIRECTOR: Gary Jones  
DISTRIBUTOR: Helmdale Communications

11. **MOVIN' ON UP** Lovable t.v. couple George and Louise Jefferson confront the problems of life in modern day New York, when George's dry-cleaning empire is threatened by the Eastern European mafia. Shut up, Florence.

CAST: Eddie Murphy, Whoopi Goldberg, Jackée, John Cleese  
DIRECTOR: Ron Howard  
DISTRIBUTOR: Carolco

12. **PLANET OF THE APES** Remake with apelike Arnold Schwarzenegger replacing Charlton Heston; Look for weird, Oliver Stone-like ape conspiracy.

CAST: Arnold  
DIRECTOR: Oliver Stone  
DISTRIBUTOR: 20th Century Fox

13. **TANK GIRL** Live-action version of the cyberpunk comic co-opted by *Details*, about a mötley crew trying to find some H<sub>2</sub>O. I think I'll try to find some J&B instead.

CAST: Lori Petty, Malcolm McDowell and Ice-T  
DIRECTOR: Rachel Talalay  
DISTRIBUTOR: 20th Century Fox

[No.'s 4, 9 and 11 are fake]

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**Y** is for...

# YAKKITY-YAK:

by Ernie **Glam** *The Project X guide to the CYBER-BABBLE craze*

\*: Cyber-Babble  
\*: Normal Babble

**Project X** has been monitoring the development of an incomprehensible and annoying trend that's sweeping the nation's alternative press, rave fliers, and CD inserts. Over-used catchwords that originated in today's "techno scene" have quickly become meaningless. Suddenly, everywhere you look you see words like global, virtual, information super-highway, cyber, millennium, etc. Can you say obfuscation? Better yet, can you define it? If you don't know what this word means, that's the point. "What are these people trying to say," you'll ask yourself while reading through the following examples. But don't fret about not having a dictionary, **Project X** will translate and cut through the crap.

The babble bible of the alternative press has to be San Francisco's **XLR8R Magazine**, whose editors are virtual\* shamans\* of yakkity-yak. With sentences like, "**Now that utopia\* has been realigned, it is time to dose on a downpour of didactic deference,**" and "**I had arrived in a room full of people collectively reaching out and in at the same time,**" the writers have transcended\* physicality and have evolved\* into verbal siroccos\*. And if that doesn't take the cosmic\* cake, the letters to the editor read like this: "**Living together in this episode on Earth, people got to rise on up...So be together in any scenario. It will just be one phat ass trial of the mind, for those who can't comprehend the pure\* essence of love and the soul...Your soul.**" My soul flipped the page.

**Project X** isn't immune to the babble virus\* either. "Your global\* guide to tomorrow's scene," reads our ever-so-pretentious sub-title. Though we are fighting this infection by changing the sub-title to a more humble: "A month late and still ahead of its time." In any case, we try to redeem ourselves on the inside pages with brain-friendly words like "fluff", "drink tick-

et", and "comp"; not that we're afraid of a polysyllabic\* vocabulary! We simply believe the meaning of life is incomprehensible enough without adding to this mess by testing your S.A.T. knowledge with the editorial.

If only others shared our sentiments. A career band-wagon jumper, Dr. Timothy Leary, has transformed cyber-babble into his personal geriatric walker in cyber-space. In his recent anthology, **Chaos and Cyber Culture**, this acid-added grandpa exposes himself as the clueless wannabe he is with these pearls of wisdom: "By the year 2000, the poorest kid in the inner city will have a thumbnail-size chip (costing \$1) with the storage and processing power of a billion transistors. He/she will also have an optic-fiber wall socket that will input a million times more signals than the current television set. Inexpensive virtual reality suits and goggles will allow this youngster to interact with people all over the world in any environment he or she chooses to fabricate." Well Timothy, we hate to be pessimistic nay-sayers, but the only thing in the ghettos that might cost \$1 in the year 2000 is a phone call or a vial of crack.

Music labels are also riding first-class on the babble express. The text on the inside cover of one CD reads: "**Recycle or Die has become a battle cry for a new consciousness\* alive in it's sweeping space-age pulse—the soundtrack of choice for the next millennium\*...Opening the door to a tranced-out world of boundless musical possibilities.**" Stripped to its essence, they really mean: Recycle or Die is a new label, the songs have a spacy beat, and you might like it.

However, the most flagrant\* babble barons have to be rave promoters. These vicars of verbosity spin language until it assumes extravagant proportions. In an effort to hype their

respective events as better than any before, promoters have been forced to conceive ever-more outlandish descriptions of rave amenities. A perfect example is a recent flyer from the Midwest's Underground Odyssey/Erotishock, which invites one and all to:

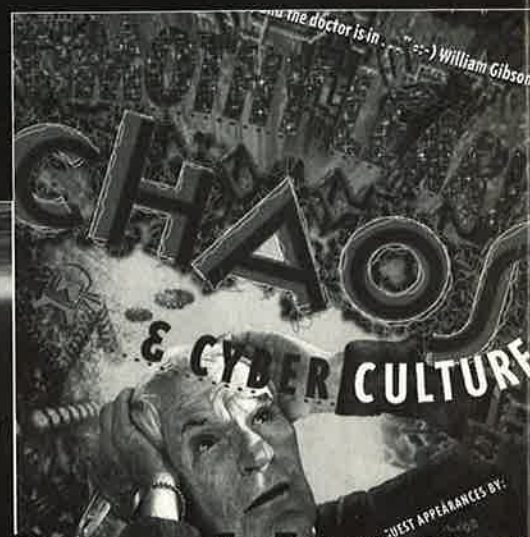
- (a) Volunteer your flesh to the live human experimentation body piercing study
- (b) blast off on the zero-G linoleum space phunk break dance launchpad
- (c) forge your own groove in the inter-rhythmic polygalactic\* percussion circles
- (d) refresh your mass in the super-quasar sub-fragmentation fresh fruit salad bar.

An analytical\* deconstruction\* of these "raver-glyphs" reveals the following:

- (a) free piercings
- (b) plastic dance floor
- (c) girls will dance circles around piles of their purses and coats
- (d) eat at a brightly-lit, diced fruit salad bar.

Now, if this event doesn't seem as fabulous, you can understand why promoters resort to such verbal virtuosity.

Perhaps this phenomenon\* can be attributed to millennial\* madness. The 16th-century French astrologer Nostradamus\* was enamored\* of yakkity-yak and wrote a collection of prophecies\* about our fin-de-siècle\* that serve as a reference source of preference for today's raver-glyphists. All the metaphysical mumbo-jumbo\* that Nostradamus forecaster for our time may just be the road map to tomorrow's Cyber-Babylon.



**KEY CYBER WORDS BUZZ:** Virtual, Shaman, Chaos, Transcendental, Ambient, Global, Millennium, Cyber, Bliss, Spiritual, Cosmic, Tribal, Infinity, Liquid, Illumination, Peace, Positively, Orbit, Gaia, Virus, Consciousness, Unity, Utopia, Mega, Ultra... (Hey, you can use them all at once and...voilà!! You have a rave flyer!)

**PLAYBOY**  
**BCC**

stylist/ Stania Helmich  
photographer/ Jordan Doner  
hair/ Stephen Docherty  
make-up/ James Bishop  
model/ Christina Danielle, Ford Miami  
digital imaging/ Ken Harris  
photo assistant/ Andrew Nancrow



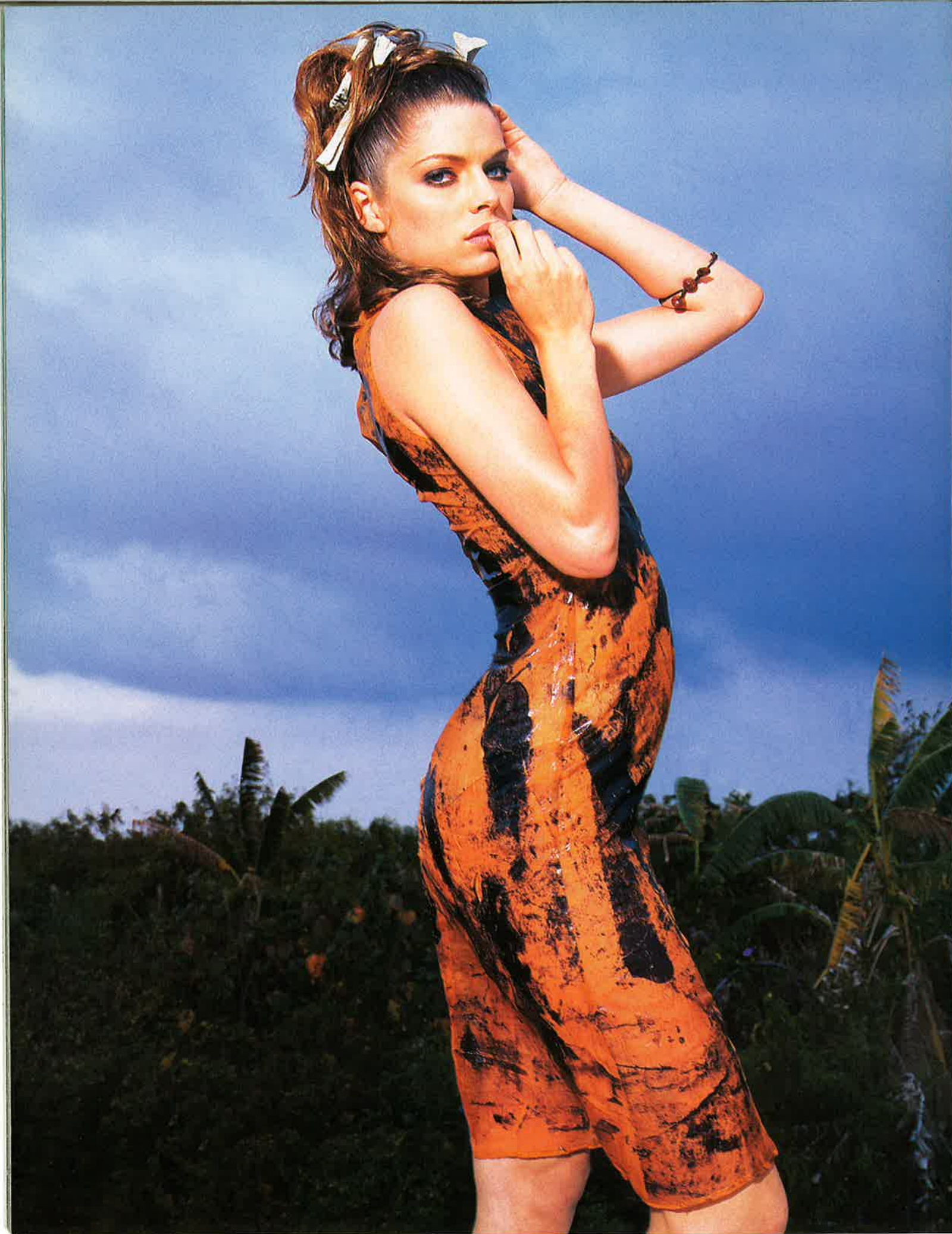




this page  
green hair-halter and mini, Puma Lee  
woven straw bangles, Barbara Yeh  
gold snake-skin print shoes, Figueroa  
Mitchel Wolfson Jr. Estate, Miami Beach  
opposite page  
blue camouflage mesh top & skirt by Stradivari  
shell necklace and toe ring, Barbara Yeh









preceding pages  
snake-skin print and sequin halter bra, Parallel  
gold satin hot-pants, Lola Fatturotti  
hosiery, Neonglanz by Wolford  
Mitchel Wolfson Jr. Estate, Miami Beach

rubberized orange chiffon  
dress, Alexander McQueen  
bracelet, Barbara Yeh  
Coopertown air boat rides,  
the Everglades

**Z** is for...  
Zee End

Virtual: potential existence

Reality: the quality or state of  
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# V O X



# LUMANIA

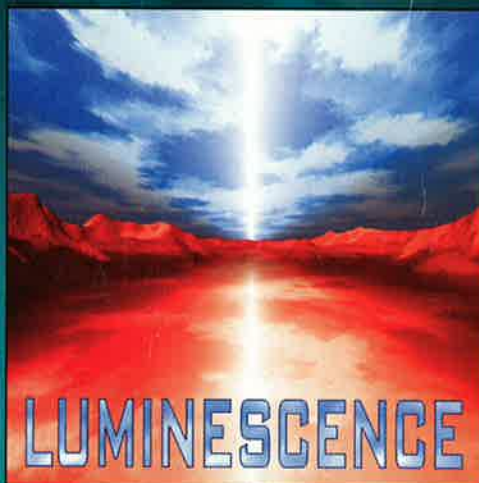


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